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ENGLISH QUOTATIONS



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A COLLECTION OF THE MORE MEMORABLE
PASSAGES AND POEMS OF ENGLISH
LITERATURE, ARRANGED ACCORDING
TO AUTHORS CHRONOLOGICALLY

WITH A FULL INDEX OF WORDS

By ROBINSON SMITH

Those thoughts that wander through eternity



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To
CHARLES GROSVENOR OSGOOD

PREFACE

THIS book aims to be 'a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things' in English literature. It is the result of a special reading of whatever in that literature might be supposed to contribute to this purpose. That my judgment in the matter of selection might be corrected and reinforced, I have examined essays and books about books, and articles in the better reviews for the last hundred years. In so far as I have made this judgment the sum and spirit of what finely lives from out our English past, I have succeeded; and I have failed in so far as I have admitted things that may be personally pleasing yet lack the permanence of true passion—'tickling rimes' that are not 'high and noble matter'.

A book of this nature, the contribution of a race to the thought of the world, cannot be considered a work of art, since it has no leading idea urging its development. Yet something of unity it possesses from the fact that all great ideas breathe a common spirit, and are, both in conception and manner of utterance, more or less allied. This common spirit of which they all partake is the spirit of chivalric idealism, of high-minded devotion, of the consecrated life of the soul. In art this spirit always expresses itself in terms of the imagination, that sense which is truer than common sense since it is the voice of the mind. Idealistic in spirit, imaginative in embodiment, the best and bravest thoughts are, finally, measured and rhythmic in language.

That memorable utterances are idealistic chiefly implies that their message is a positive, not a negative, one. Doubts, distrusts, denials, all that tends to weaken man's position or limit

his possibilities, pass away ; but admirations, loves, hopes, braveries, all that tends to strengthen our faith or prolong our fervour, all that looks up or uplifts, these in their expression have meaning for generation after generation. Secondly, poets embody their ideas imaginatively, since their message is a message of the mind, that sees things abstractly in their relation to truth. The most universal imagination, however, though moving in highly idealized abstractions, will image itself in those realities that are the most permanent and pure in the individual life. Lastly, ideas, original and worthy of utterance, express themselves in rhythm, because the moods that give them birth are musical. The creating force of these ideas is the resolution of individual phenomena into the orderly movement of law. They are 'to their own music chanted' and 'voluntary move harmonious numbers'. If we add that the rhythms employed will in general be established rhythms, we merely attest that the laws of music to which the emotions evoked by poetry give their assent, work still with the same distribution of emphasis as they have always worked, and that thoughts expressed in accordance with them become more immediately a part of the reader's consciousness.

These three principles of literature—of idealism, imagination and music—corresponding to the soul, the mind, and the emotions in man, are not, of course, exemplified perfectly in every one of the quotations in this volume. Hamlet's famous soliloquy, for instance, though imaginative and musical, is a denial of idealism ; while Wordsworth's—

We live by admiration, hope and love,

though it is the essence of at least the passive side of idealism, and though it is fairly musical, yet lacks the second of the qualities inherent in the most perfect poetry, the quality of imagination ; and again, Browning's—

Would we move the world, not earth but heaven must be our fulcrum,
though both imaginative and idealistic, does not sing itself into

the memory, and so fails of its possible effect. But our literature abounds in passages that are indeed 'the highest matter in the noblest form', passages in which chivalric idealism, true imagination and kindling music are present in beautiful accord. There is complete felicity certainly in—

Consideration like an angel came ;

and in—

Nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow.
At which command the powers militant
That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate joined
Of union irresistible, moved on
In silence their bright legions to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds ;

and in—

The light that never was, on sea or land ;
The consecration, and the poet's dream.

At first thought it might seem that the test of an author by the memorableness of his single lines and short passages would prove unjust, since (we might assume) a poem as a whole could be a work of art, yet not appear remarkable in detached portions. But Homer and Dante and Shakespeare bear witness that if a man has a truth to tell, the prophet in him crystallizes that truth in a few, living words, just as the artist in him elaborates it in its larger, organic relations. That this test preserves so little of our prose is because so little of our prose has the high and passionate mood of Plato or of the prophets, the high and passionate mood of our poets.

Of our poets, Time, which is but taste in perfection, would seem to have declared that Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Spenser and Chaucer are to be on the lips of men for ever ; Keats, Coleridge, Shelley, Burns, and, in a less degree, Blake and Matthew Arnold, for centuries to come. Shakespeare's fellow-dramatists, considered as poets, together with Dryden, Pope and Byron, appear to be losing much of their former hold. The last decade does not speak decisively with regard to Tennyson or Browning, inclining to keep the former above the border-line

between the first and second class in the neighbourhood of Chaucer, and the latter under the border-line somewhat below Keats; so insistent is Time that we be wakened by music as well as by light.

Now that we have lived through the last century, with its new forms and theories of art, which blinded and delayed us, and its discoveries in science which, as far as character and conduct are concerned, left us exactly where we were before, there is occasion for new poetry to arise, which, conscious that in the past chivalric idealism alone has availed, shall assert it with surer faith than ever as the life of the individual and the law of the world.

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ENGLISH QUOTATIONS

GEOFFREY CHAUCER 1340 ?-1400 ?

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' assay so hard, so sharp the conquering.

Parliament of Fowls ll 1-2

For out of olde feldes, as men seith,
Cometh al this newe corn fro yere to yere ;
And out of olde bookes, in good feith,
Cometh al this newe science that men lere.

ll 22-5

Of al this world the wyde compas
Hit wol not in myn armes tweyne.
Whoso mochel wol embrace,
Litel therof he shal distreyne.

Proverb

Flee fro the prees and dwelle with sothfastnesse,
Suffyce unto thy good, though hit be smal ;
For hord hath hate, and elimbing tikelnesse,
Prees hath envye, and wele blent overal ;
Savour no more thin thee bihove shal ;
Werk wel thyself that other folk canst rede :
And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

Tempest thee noght al croked to redresse,
In trust of hir that turneth as a bal :
Gret reste stant in litel besinesse ;
And eek be war to sporne ageyn an al ;
Stryve noght as doth the crokke with the wal.
Daunte thyself that dauntest otheres dede :
And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

That thee is sent, receyve in buxumnesse,
The wrastling for this worlde axeth a fal.
Her nis non hoom, her nis but wildernesse :
Forth, pilgrim, forth ! forth, beste, out of thy stal !
Know thy contree, look up, thank God of al ;
Hold the hye wey and lat thy gost thee lede :
And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

Therefore, thou vache, leve thyn old wrecchednesse
 Unto the worlde : leve now to be thral ;
 Crye Him mercy that of his hy goodnesse
 Made thee of noght, and in especial
 Draw unto Him, and pray in general
 For thee and eek for other, hevenlich mede :
 And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

Truth

I have myself eek seyn a blind man go
 Theras he fel that coude loke wyde.
 A fool may eek a wys man ofte gyde.

Troilus and Criseyde Book I st 90

For thilke ground that bereth the wedes wikke,
 Bereth eek thise holsom herbes, as ful ofte
 Next the foule netle rough and thikke
 The rose waxeth swote and smothe and softe.
 And next the valey is the hil alofte,
 And next the derke night the glade morwe ;
 And also joye is next the fyn of sorwe.

st 136

Of harmes two the lesse is for to chese.

Book II st 68

He which that nothing undertaketh,
 Nothing ne acheveth.

st 116

For of fortunes sharp adversitee
 The worst kinde of infortune is this,
 A man to have ben in prosperitee
 And it remembren whan it passed is.

Book III st 233

I woot myself best how I stonde.

House of Fame Book III l 788

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
 The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
 And bathed every veyne in swich lieour
 Of which engendred is the flour ;
 Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
 Inspired hath in every holt and heeth

The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
 Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne ;
 And smale fowles maken melodye,
 That slepen al the night with open yë,
 So priketh hem nature in hir corages :
 Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages
 And palmers for to seken straunge strondes,
 To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes ;
 And specially from every shires ende
 Of Engeland to Caunterbury they wende,
 The holy blisful martir for to seke,
 That hem hath holpen whan that they were seke.

Canterbury Tales Prologue ll 1-18

A knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
 That fro the tyme that he first bigan
 To ryden out, he loved chivalrye,
 Trouthe and honour, freedom and curteisye.

ll 43-6

And of his port as meke as is a mayde.

l 69

He was a verray parfit, gentil knight.

l 72

A clerk ther was of Oxenford also.

l 285

For him was lever have at his beddes heed
 Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophye
 Than robes riche or fithele or gay sautrye.
 But al be that he was a philosophre,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre ;
 But al that he mighte of his freendes hente,
 On bokes and on lerninge he it spente,
 And bisily gan for the soules preye
 Of hem that yaf him wherwith to scoleye.

ll 293-303

And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.

l 310

Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
 And yet he semed bisier than he was.

ll 321-2

His studie was but litel on the Bibel.

l 438

This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte.

ll 496-7

But Christes lore and his apostles twelve
He taughte, and first he folwed it himselve.

ll 527-8

Feeld hath eyen and the wode hath eres.

Knight's Tale l 664

Ther nis no newe gyse that it nas old.

l 1267

Up roos the sonne and up roos Emelye.

l 1415

Naught may the woful spirit in myn herte
Declare o poynt of alle my sorwes smerte
To yow, my lady, that I love most ;
But I bequethe the service of my gost
To yow aboven every creature,
Sin that my lyf may no lenger dure.
Allas the wo ! alas the peynes stronge
That I for yow have suffred and so longe !
Allas the deeth ! alas myn Emelye !
Allas departing of our companye !
Allas myn hertes quene ! alas my wyf !
Myn hertes lady, endere of my lyf !
What is this world ? what asketh men to have ?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave
Allone, withouten any companye.
Farwel, my swete fo, myn Emelye !
And softe tak me in your armes tweye,
For love of God, and herkneth what I seye.

ll 1907-25

To maken vertu of necessitee,
And take it well, that we may not eschue.

ll 2184-5

Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreke.

Reeve's Prologue l 28

The gretteste clerkes been noght the wysest men.

Reeve's Tale l 134

She is mirour of alle curteisye.

Man of Law's Tale l 68

O martir, souted to virginitee.

Prioress' Tale l 127

He is gentil that doth gentil dedis.

Wife of Bath's Tale l 314

Love is noght old as whan that it is newe.

Clerk's Tale l 801

Till on the welkne shoon the sterres light.

l 1068

Yiftes of fortune
That passen as a shadwe upon a wal.

Merchant's Tale ll 70-1

For sondry scoles maken sotel clerkis.

l 183

Fy on possessioun
But if a man be vertuous withal.

Squire's Tale ll 686-7

Trouthe is the hyeste thing that man may kepe.

Franklin's Tale l 751

But al thing which that shyneth as the gold
Nis nat gold, as that I have herd it told.

Canon's Yeoman's Tale ll 409-10

JOHN HEYWOOD 1497 ?-1580 ?

Better one birde in hand than ten in the wood.

Dialogue on Wit and Folly

Haste maketh waste.

Proverbs Part I chap II

The more haste, the lesse speede.

Ibid

Looke or ye leape.

Ibid

He that will not when he may,
When he would; he shall have nay.

chap III

Whan the sunne shinth, make hay.

Ibid

Whan th' iron is hot, strike.

Ibid

The tide tarieth no man.

Ibid

Fast binde, fast finde.

Ibid

And while I at length debate and beate the bushe,
There shall steppe in other men and catche the burdes.

Ibid

Betweene two stooles my taile goe to the grounde.

Ibid

Happy man, happy dole.

Ibid

A hard beginning makth a good ending.

chap IV

More fraid than hurt.

Ibid

Nothing is impossible to a willing hart.

Ibid

Let the world wag, and take mine ease in mine in.

chap V

As I would needes brewe, so must I needes drinke.

chap VIII

No man loveth his fetters, be they made of gold.

Ibid

Sweete meate will have sowre sawce.

Ibid

Two heddis are better then one.

chap IX

To holde with the hare and run with the hound.

chap X

Better late than never.

Ibid

God sendth the shrewd coow short hornes.

Ibid

Ill weede growth fast.

Ibid

A wolf in a lambes skin.

Ibid

Every cocke is proude on his owne dunghill.

chap XI

The rolling stone never gatherth mosse.

Ibid

To robbe Peter and paye Poule.

Ibid

A man maye well bring a horse to the water,
But he cannot make him drinke.

Ibid

A bow long bent at length must ware weake.

Ibid

The best cart may overthrowe.

Ibid

After cloudes blacke we shall have weather cleere.

Ibid

While the grasse groweth, the horse sterveth.

Ibid

Rome was not built in one daye.

Ibid

A dog hath a daye.

Ibid

Better is halfe a lofe than no bread.

Ibid

Nought venter, nought have.

Ibid

One good tourne askth another.

Ibid

New brome sweepth cleene.

Part II chap I

Ye cannot see the wood for trees.

chap IV

Ye stand in your owne light.

Ibid

Might have gone further and have faren wors.

Ibid

Many handis make light warke.

chap V

There is no fire without some smoke.

Ibid

One swalowe maketh not sommer.

Ibid

He must have a long spoone, shall eate with the divell.

Ibid

Leape out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Ibid

Time trieth trouth in every doubt.

Ibid

Better to be happy than wise.

chap VI

Halfe warnd, halfe armde.

Ibid

Set the cart before the hors.

chap VII

He that knoweth whan he hath enough is no foole.

Ibid

Who is so deafe or so blinde as is hee
That wilfully will nother here nor see ?

chap IX

An ill winde that blowth no man to good.

Ibid

I gave you an inch, you tooke an ell.

Ibid

Bothe eate your cake and have your cake.

Ibid

This hitteth the naile on the hed.

chap XI

EDWARD DYER *circa* 1540-1607

My mind to me a kingdom is :
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind.
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

My mind to me a kingdom is

Some have too much, yet still do crave ;
I little have and seek no more.
They are but poor though much they have
And I am rich with little store :
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lack, I have ; they pine, I live.

Ibid

EDMUND SPENSER 1552-1599

To kerke the narre, from God more farre,
Has bene an old-sayd sawe,
And he that strives to touch a starre,
Oft stumbles at a strawe.

Alsoone may shepheard climbe to skye
 That leades in lowly dales,
 As goteherd prowld that sitting hye
 Upon the mountaine sailes.

Shepherd's Calendar July

The hills where dwelled holy saints
 I reverence and adore :
 Not for themselfe, but for the saints
 Which han bene dead of yore.

Ibid

High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
 Strong walls, rich porches, princely pallaces,
 Large streetes, brave houses, sacred sepulchers,
 Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately galleries,
 Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries.

Ruins of Time

Lifting up her brave, heroick thought.

Ibid

Therefore, whatever man bearest worldly sway,
 Living, on God and on thyselfe relie.

Ibid

For deeds doe die, however nobly donne,
 And thoughts of men do as themselves decay ;
 But wise wordes, taught in numbers for to runne,
 Recorded by the muses, live for ay ;
 Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
 Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blast,
 Nor age nor envie shall them ever wast.

Ibid

But that same gentle spirit from whose pen
 Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe.

Tears of the Muses Thalia

Therefore the nurse of virtue I am hight,
 And golden trompet of eternitie.

Ibid Calliope

Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
 A goodly ship with banners bravely dight
 And flag in her top-gallant I espide
 Through the maine sea making her merry flight.

Faire blew the winde into her bosome right
 And th' heavens looked lovely all the while,
 That she did seeme to daunce as in delight
 And at her owne felicitie did smile.

Visions of the World's Vanity st 9

So every spirit as it is most pure
 And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
 So it the fairer bodie doth procure
 To habit in, and it more fairely dight
 With chearefull grace and amiable sight ;
 For of the soule the bodie forme doth take :
 For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Hymn in Honour of Beauty

For all that faire is, is by nature good.

Ibid

Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.

Faery Queen Book I introduction st 1

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine.

canto I st 1

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside
 Upon a lowly asse more white then snow,
 Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low ;
 And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
 As one that inly mournd ; so was she sad,
 And heavy sate upon her palfrey slow,
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had.
 And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

st 4

'Ah, ladie', sayd he, 'shame were to revoke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade :
 Vertue gives herselfe light through darkenesse for to wade'.

st 12

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

st 35

A bold bad man !

st 37

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
 And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
 No other noise, nor peoples' troublous cries,
 As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
 Might there be heard ; but carelesse Quiet lies
 Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemies.

st 41

By this the Northerne Wagoner had set
 His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
 That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
 But firm is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
 To all that in the wide deepe wandring arre.

canto II st 1

Her angel's face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place.

canto III st 4

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
 Of all her passed paines : one loving howre
 For many yeares of sorrow can dispence ;
 A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
 She has forgott how many a wofull stowre
 For him she late endurd ; she speakes no more
 Of past : true is that true love hath no powre
 To looken backe : his eyes be fixt before.
 Before her stands her knight, for whom she toild so sore.

st 30

Whose welth was want, whose plenty made him pore.

canto IV st 29

And after all upon the wagon beame
 Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
 With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
 So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
 Huge routs of people did about them band,
 Showing for joy ; and still before their way
 A foggy mist had covered all the land ;
 And underneath their feet all scattered lay
 Dead sculls and bones of men whose life had gone astray.

st 36

The noble hart that harbours vertuous thought
 And is with childe of glorious great intent,
 Can never rest untill it forth have brought
 Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.

canto V st 1

But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
 Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold :
 Entire affection hateth nicer hands.

canto VIII st 40

He there does now enjoy eternall rest
 And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave
 And further from it daily wanderest.
 What if some little paine the passage have,
 That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter wave,
 Is not short paine well borne that brings long ease
 And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave ?
 Sleepe after toile, port after stormy seas,
 Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.

canto IX st 40

If any strength we have, it is to ill ;
 But all the good is God's, both power and eke will.

canto X st 1

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin.

st 6

It was a chosen plott of fertile land
 Emongst wide waves sett like a litle nest.

Book II canto VI st 12

No tree whose braunches did not bravely spring ;
 No braunch whereon a fine bird did not sitt ;
 No bird but did her shrill notes sweetly sing ;
 No song but did containe a lovely ditt.

st 13

And all for love and nothing for reward.

canto VIII st 2

Sea-shouldring whales.

canto XII st 23

The knight was ruled, and the boteman strayt
 Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
 Ne ever shroneke, ne ever sought to bayt
 His tired armes for toilesome wearinesse;
 But with his oares did sweepe the watry wilderness.

st 29

The worlde's sweet in from paine and wearisome turmoile.

st 32

With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,
 In his big base them fitly answered;
 And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft
 A solemne meane unto them measured;
 The whiles sweet Zephyrus lowd whistled
 His treble: a straunge kinde of harmony
 Which Guyon's senses softly tickeled,
 That he the boteman bad row easily
 And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

st 33

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound
 Of all that mote delight a dainty care,
 Such as attonce might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere.
 Right hard it was for wight which did it heare
 To read what manner musicke that mote bee;
 For all that pleasing is to living care
 Was there consorted in one harmonie:
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;
 Th' angelicall, soft, trembling voices made
 To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
 The silver sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmure of the waters-fall;
 The waters-fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

sts 70-71

So passeth in the passing of a day
 Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
 Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
 That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
 Of many a ladie and many a paramowre.

Gather therefore the rose whilest yet is prime,
 For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre ;
 Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,
 Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.

st 75

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
 Planted with myrtle trees and laurells greene,
 In which the birds song many a lovely lay
 Of God's high praise and of their loves' sweet teene,
 As it an earthly paradise had beene.

Book III canto V st 40

Her birth was of the wombe of morning dew
 And her conception of the joyous prime.

canto VI st 3

And, as she lookt about, she did behold
 How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, be bolde, and everywhere, *Be bolde* ;
 That much she muzd, yet could not construe it
 By any ridling skill or commune wit.
 At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end
 Another iron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bolde ; whereto though she did bend
 Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intend.

canto XI st 54

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome maid,
 Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold ;
 In silken samite she was light arayd
 And her faire lockes were woven up in gold.
 She alway smild and in her hand did hold
 An holy-water sprinckle, dipt in deowe,
 With which she sprinckled favours manifold
 On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
 Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

canto XII st 13

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,
 On fame's eternall beadroll worthy to be filed.

Book IV canto II st 32

And of his wonder made religion.

canto VI st 22

The lion there did with the lambe consort
And eke the dove sate by the faulcon's side.

canto VIII st 31

They live, they die, like as He doth ordaine,
Ne ever any asketh reason why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine;
The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
He maketh kings to sit in soverainty;
He maketh subjects to their power obay;
He pulleth downe, He setteth up on hy;
He gives to this, from that He takes away.
For all we have is his: what He list doe, He may.

Book V canto II st 41

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the winde that under heaven doth blow;
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow.
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall:
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That doest not know the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.

st 43

So first the right he put into one scale
And then the giant strove with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong;
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might not it peise; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chaufed, and proved every way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe weigh.

st 46

Like as a ship, that through the ocean wide
Directs her course unto one certaine coast,
Is met of many a counter winde and tide
With which her winged speed is let and crost
And she herselfe in stormy surges tost,
Yet making many a borde and many a bay
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost—
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.

Book VI introduction st 1

Who will not mercie unto others shew,
How can he mercie ever hope to have ?

canto I st 42

Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope,
So tickle is the state of earthly things,
That ere they come unto their aimed scope,
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings
Instead of comfort which we should embrace :
This is the state of keasars and of kings !
Let none therefore that is in meaner place
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.

canto III st 5

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
Upon the pillours of eternitie,
That is contrayr to mutabilitie ;
For all that moveth doth in change delight,
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth sight.
O that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoth's sight !
Book VII canto VIII st 2

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY 1554-1586

'Fool !' said my muse to me, 'look in thy heart, and write'.
Astrophel and Stella st 1

GEORGE CHAPMAN 1557-1634

Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves t'have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel plows air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is ; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.
He goes before them and commands them all,
And to himself is a law rational.

Byron's Conspiracy Act III sc 1

FRANCIS BACON 1561-1626

The first creature of God in the works of the days was the light of the sense ; the last was the light of reason ; and his sabbath work ever since is the illumination of the spirit.

Essays Of Truth

Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence and turn upon the poles of truth.

Ibid

Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark.

Of Death

Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed : for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

Of Adversity

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune.

Of Marriage and Single Life

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man and writing an exact man.

Of Studies

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

Of Ceremonies and Respects

SAMUEL DANIEL 1562-1619.

This is the thing that I was born to do.

Musophilus st 100

Unless above himself he can

Erect himself, how poor a thing is man !

To the Countess of Cumberland st 12

MICHAEL DRAYTON 1563-1631

Those brave translunary things
That the first poets had.

To Henry Reynolds Of Poets and Poesy

For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

Ibid

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 1564-1616

(Globe Edition)

Light seeking light doth light of light beguile.

Love's Labour's Lost Act I sc 1 l 77

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

ll 88-91

Neither rime nor reason.

Comedy of Errors Act II sc 2 l 49

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Act III sc 1 l 26

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

Two Gentlemen of Verona Act I sc 1 l 2

I have no other but a woman's reason :

I think him so because I think him so.

sc 2 ll 23-4

O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,

As a nose on a man's face or a weathercock on a steeple !

Act II sc 1 ll 141-2

A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary

To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps.

sc 7 ll 9-10

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage ;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.

ll 25-30

Who is Silvia ? what is she

That all our swains commend her ?

Holy, fair and wise is she :

The heavens such grace did lend her

That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair,
 For beauty lives with kindness.
 Love doth to her eyes repair
 To help him of his blindness,
 And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling :
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling.
 To her let us garlands bring.

Act IV sc 2 ll 39-53

Truth hath a quiet breast.

Richard II Act I sc 3 l 96

All places that the eye of heaven visits
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

ll 275-6

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in December snow
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

ll 294-301

The tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention like deep harmony.

Act II sc 1 ll 5-6

The setting sun, and music at the close,
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.

ll 12-3

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress built by nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall
 Or as a moat defensive to a house

Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 For Christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm.

ll 40-60

Fires the proud tops of the eastern pines.

Act III sc 2 l 42

And nothing can we call our own but death,
 And that small model of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings.

ll 152-6

For within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps death his court, and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be feared and kill with looks,
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh which walls about our life
 Were brass impregnable; and humoured thus,
 Comes at the last and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall—and farewell king!

ll 160-70

Wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.

ll 178-9

He is come to ope
 The purple testament of bleeding war.

sc 3 ll 93-4

And my large kingdom for a little grave,
 A little little grave, an obscure grave.

ll 153-4

Gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
 Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Act IV sc 1 ll 97-100

How sour sweet music is,
 When time is broke and no proportion kept !
 So is it in the music of men's lives.

Act V sc 5 ll 42-4

Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
 And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house,
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
 Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front,
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
 I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
 I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them :
 Why I in this weak, piping time of peace
 Have no delight to pass away the time
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
 And descant on mine own deformity ;
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Richard III Act I sc 1 ll 1-31

Lord, Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !
 What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears !

What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks :
 Ten thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon ;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems
 Which wooed the slimy bottom of the deep
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.
sc 4 ll 21-33

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Act V sc 3 ll 193-5

For courage mounteth with occasion.
King John Act II sc 1 l 82

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
 For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
Act III sc 1 ll 68-9

Here I and sorrows sit ;
 Here is my throne : bid kings come bow to it.
ll 73-4

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form :
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief ?
sc 4 ll 93-8

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
ll 108-9

And he that stands upon a slippery place
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
ll 137-8

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet.
Act IV sc 2 ll 11-2

Gratiano. You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it that do buy it with much care.

Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Antonio. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano :

A stage where every man must play a part,

And mine a sad one.

Merchant of Venice Act 1 sc 1 ll 74-9

Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?

ll 82-3

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man
in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two
bushels of chaff : you shall seek all day ere you find them, and
when you have them, they are not worth the search.

ll 114-8

The four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

ll 168-70

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels
had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.
It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can
easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one
of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may
devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold
decree ; such a hare is madness the youth to skip o'er the
meshes of good counsel the cripple.

sc 2 ll 13-22

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

l 60

He is every man in no man.

l 64

When he is best he is a little worse than a man, and when he
is worst, he is little better than a beast.

l 94

I dote on his very absence.

l 121

I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.

sc 3 l 36

If I can catch him once upon the hip.

l 47

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

l 99

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

l 111

It is a wise father that knows his own child.

Act II sc 2 l 80

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.

sc 6 ll 12-3

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.

ll 36-7

What, must I hold a candle to my shames ?

l 41

Even in the force and road of casualty.

sc 9 l 30

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

l 83

Salarino. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh ; what's that good for ?

Shylock. To bait fish withal ; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million ; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? If you tickle us, do we not laugh ? If you poison us, do we

not die ? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example ? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Act III sc 1 ll 55-76

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head,
How begot, how nourished ?
Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

sc 2 ll 63-9

There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

ll 81-2

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.

ll 97-101

An unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised ;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn.

ll 161-3

The quality of mercy is not strained :
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blest :
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes ;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptred sway :
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself.
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

Act IV sc 1 ll 184-202

A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !

l 223

He is well paid that is well satisfied.

l 415

The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
 When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
 And they did make no noise, in such a night
 Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls
 And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
 Where Cressid lay that night.

Act V sc 1 ll 1-6

In such a night,
 Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
 Upon the wild sea-banks and waft her love
 To come again to Carthage.

ll 9-12

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica ; look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins :
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

ll 54-65

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

l 69

The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night
 And his affections dark as Erebus :
 Let no such man be trusted.

ll 83-8

How far that little candle throws his beams !
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

ll 90-1

How many things by season seasoned are
 To their right praise and true perfection !

ll 106-7

But earthlier happy is the rose distilled
 Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
 Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

Midsummer Night's Dream Act 1 sc 1 ll 76-8

The course of true love never did run smooth.

l 134

Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind
 And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.

ll 234-5

Since once I sat upon a promontory
 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

Act II sc 1 ll 149-54

That very time I saw but thou could'st not,
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all armed : a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal throned by the west,
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts ;
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,

And the imperial votaress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
 It fell upon a little western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
 And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

ll 155-68

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
 Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
 Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
 With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.

ll 249-52

I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.

sc 2 l 175

Lord, what fools these mortals be !

Act III sc 2 l 115

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
 The lunatic, the lover and the poet
 Are of imagination all compact :
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
 That is the madman ; the lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt ;
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
 And as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.

Act V sc 1 ll 5-17

For never any thing can be amiss,
 When simpleness and duty tender it.

ll 82-3

The weakest goes to the wall.

Romeo and Juliet Act I sc 1 l 17

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

ll 157-9

What's in a name ? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

Act II sc 2 ll 43-4

O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones and their true qualities :
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good but strained from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.

sc 3 ll 15-22

These strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon-mes.
sc 4 l 34

A plague o' both your houses !

Act III sc 1 l 94

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale ; look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

sc 5 ll 6-10

Her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.

Act V sc 3 ll 85-6

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together.

Passionate Pilgrim Crabbed age and youth

In those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

Henry IV Part I Act I sc 1 ll 24-7

Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reaped,
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
He was perfumed like a milliner
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

:

A pouncet-box which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again.

sc 3 ll 33-9

Glendower. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hotspur. Why so can I, or so can any man;

But will they come when you do call for them?

Act III sc 1 ll 53-5

Tell truth and shame the devil.

l 58

The cankers of a calm world and a long peace.

Act IV sc 2 l 121

I could have better spared a better man.

Act V sc 4 l 103

The better part of valour is discretion.

l 121

It was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have
a good thing to make it too common.

Henry IV Part II Act I sc 2 l 240

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly, death itself awakes?

Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and most stillest night
 With all appliances and means to boot
 Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Act III sc 1 ll 4-31

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

Act IV sc 4 l 93

Life is a shuttle.

Merry Wives of Windsor Act V sc 1 l 24

Consideration like an angel came,
 And whipped the offending Adam out of him.

Henry V Act I sc 1 ll 28-9

Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood.

Act II sc 2 ll 132-3

Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide. For after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John?' quoth I; 'what, man! be of good cheer'. So a' cried out 'God, God, God', three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Act II sc 3 ll 10-28

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting.

sc 4 ll 74-5

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man,
 As modest stillness and humility.

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger :
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage.

Act III sc 1 ll 1-8

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
 When creeping murmur and the poring dark
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
 From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fixed sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch.
 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umbered face.
 Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs,
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.

Act IV Chorus ll 1-14

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out.

sc 1 ll 4-5

Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul
 is his own.

l 186

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world—
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who with a body filled and vacant mind
 Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread ;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But like a lackey from the rise to set
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium.

ll 277-91

D

My soul shall keep thine company to Heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast.

sc 6 ll 16-7

All hell shall stir for this.

Act V sc 1 l 72

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat.

Much Ado About Nothing Act I sc 1 l 75

He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose,
Like an honest man and a soldier.

sc 3 ll 19-20

Sits the wind in that corner?

Act II sc 3 l 102

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Act III sc 2 l 28

When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed.

Act IV sc 1 ll 225-32

Patch grief with proverbs.

Act V sc 1 l 17

I was not born under a riming planet.

sc 2 l 40

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.

As You Like It Act II sc 1 ll 12-17

O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having.

sc 3 ll 56-62

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

sc 5 ll 1-8

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot.

sc 7 ll 26-7

Motley's the only wear.

l 34

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

ll 139-66

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

ll 174-9

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself
to be a fool.

Act V sc 1 l 34

Good wine needs no bush.

Epilogue l 267

If music be the food of love, play on :
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die !
That strain again ! it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour !

Twelfth Night Act I sc 1 ll 1-7

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Act II sc 3 ll 52-3

Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

sc 4 l 6

She never told her love,
But let concealment like a worm i' the bud
Feed on her damask cheek ; she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

ll 113-8

This is very midsummer madness.

Act III sc 4 l 61

Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have
greatness thrust upon them.

l 157

'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it.

All's Well That Ends Well Act I sc 1 ll 96-8

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

ll 231-4

But most it is presumption in us when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.

Act II sc 1 ll 154-5

They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical
persons to make modern and familiar things supernatural and
causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, enseconcing
ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our-
selves to an unknown fear.

sc 3 ll 1-6

All the learned and authentic fellows.

l 14

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.

ll 132-3

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together :
our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not ;
and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our
virtues.

Act IV sc 3 ll 83-7

Joy's soul lies in the doing.

Troilus and Cressida Act I sc 2 l 313

In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men.

sc 3 ll 33-4

O, when degree is shaken,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick !

ll 101-3

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy.

ll 109-11

I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage.

Act III sc 2 ll 9-11

No man is the lord of any thing
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others.

sc 3 ll 115-7

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes.
Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright : to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the path,
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue. If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost ;
Or like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on. Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours.
For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was ;

For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
 That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past ;
 And give to dust that is a little gilt
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object :
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax,
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive
 And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves
 And drave great Mars to faction.

ll 145-90

But something may be done that we will not,
 And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
 Presuming on their changeful potency.

Act IV sc 4 ll 96-9

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime.

Sonnet iii

When I consider every thing that grows
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,
 Cheered and checked even by the self-same sky ;
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
 And wear their brave state out of memory.

Sonnet x

And stretched metre of an antique song.

Sonnet xvii

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date.

Sonnet xviii

But thy eternal summer shall not fade.

Ibid

The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

Sonnet xxv

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy, contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate.
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Sonnet xxix

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste ;
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight ;
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

Sonnet xxx

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all-triumphant splendour on my brow ;
 But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth :
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

Sonnet xxxiii

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses.
 But for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwooded and unrespected fade ;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so :
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

Sonnet liv

Not marble nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes shall outlive this powerful rime,
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

Sonnet lv

Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore
 So do our minutes hasten to their end.

Sonnet lx

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich proud cost of outworn buried age ;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss and loss with store ;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay,
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè—
 That Time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Sonnet lxiv

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry :
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill—
 Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

Sonnet lxvi

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Sonnet lxxiii

The proud full sail of his great verse.

Sonnet lxxxvi

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die.

Sonnet xciv

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds :
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Ibid

When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing.

Sonnet xcvi

But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Sonnet cii

And beauty making beautiful old rime.

Sonnet cvi

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come.

Sonnet cvii

And peace proclaims olives of endless age.

Ibid

My nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

Sonnet cxi

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove ;
O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come.
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Sonnet cxvi

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red ;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound.
 I grant I never saw a goddess go—
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

Sonnet cxxx

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still :
 The better angel is a man right fair,
 The worser spirit a woman, coloured ill.
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 And whether that my angel be turned fiend,
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
 But being both from me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell.
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Sonnet cxliv

The morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Hamlet Act I sc 1 ll 166-7

A little more than kin and less than kind.

sc 2 l 65

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you ?

Hamlet. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.

ll 66-7

Thou know'st, 'tis common : all that lives must die,
 Passing through nature to eternity.

ll 72-3

Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not ' seems ' .
 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, modes, shapes of grief,
 That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play.
 But I have that within which passeth show ;
 These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

ll 76-86

O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw and resolve itself into a dew !
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! God !
 How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Fie on't ! ah fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden
 That grows to seed : things rank and gross in nature
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
 But two months dead ; nay, not so much, not two ;
 So excellent a king, that was to this
 Hyperion to a satyr ; so loving to my mother
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
 Must I remember ! why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on ; and yet, within a month—
 Let me not think on't. Frailty, thy name is woman !
 A little month or ere those shoes were old
 With which she followed my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe all tears, why she, even she—
 O God ! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourned longer—married with my uncle,
 My father's brother but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules ; within a month,
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
 It is not nor it cannot come to good.
 But I reek, my heart ; for I must hold my tongue.

ll 129-59

Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

ll 180-1

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

l 185

He was a man, take him for all in all.
I shall not look upon his like again.

ll 187-8

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

ll 257-8

And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes :
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed ;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then : best safety lies in fear ;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

sc 3 ll 34-44

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven,
Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And reeks not his own rede.

ll 47-51

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear't that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy : rich, not gaudy ;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
 And they in France, of the best rank and station,
 Are most select and generous, chief in that.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be :
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all : to thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

ll 58-80

To the manner born.

sc 4 l 15

It is a custom
 More honoured in the breach than the observance.

ll 15-6

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !

l 39

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

l 90

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.

sc 5 ll 15-20

O my prophetic soul,
 My uncle !

ll 40-1

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !

l 47

Sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head.

ll 78-9

Leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
To prick and sting her.

ll 86-8

That one may smile and smile, and be a villain.

l 108

There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

l 166-7

The time is out of joint. O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right !

ll 189-90

Brevity is the soul of wit.

Act II sc 2 l 90

More matter with less art.

l 95

That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true 'tis pity ;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true.

ll 97-8

To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of
ten thousand.

l 178

Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.

l 207

There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.

l 255

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ;
this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-
hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,
why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent
congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man ! how
noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving
how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in
apprehension how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the
paragon of animals ! and yet, to me, what is this quintessence
of dust ! Man delights not me, no, nor woman either, though by
your smiling, you seem to say so.

ll 308-22

I am but mad north-north-west : when the wind is southerly
I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

l 390

"Twas caviare to the general.

l 457

Use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping ?

l 555

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
Is it not monstrous that this player here
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wanned,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit ? And all for nothing !
For Hecuba !

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
That he should weep for her ? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have ?

ll 576-88

The play's the thing

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

ll 633-4

To be or not to be, that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them ? To die : to sleep ;
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to ; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die : to sleep ;
To sleep ; perchance to dream ! ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office and the spurs
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry
 And lose the name of action.

Act III sc 1 ll 56-88

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

l 101

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape
 calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go!

l 140

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
 The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
 The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
 That sucked the honey of his music vows,
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
 That unmatched form and feature of blown youth
 Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me!
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

ll 158-69

It out-herods Herod.

sc 2 l 15

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your
 tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with
 this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of
 nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing,

whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as
'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature,
scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his
form and pressure.

ll 18-27

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

ll 59-60

For thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks ; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart
As I do thee.

ll 70-9

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play ;
For some must watch, while some must sleep :
So runs the world away.

ll 282-5

You would pluck out the heart of my mystery.

l 381

Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you
cannot play upon me.

l 387

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.

ll 406-8

O, my offence is rank, it smells to Heaven ;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder ! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;

And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect.

sc 3 ll 36-43

But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder!'
That cannot be, since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
May one be pardoned and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.

ll 51-64

With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May.

l 81

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to Heaven go.

ll 97-8

Look here upon this picture and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man.

sc 4 ll 53-62

A king of shreds and patches.

l 102

This is the very coinage of your brain.

l 137

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

l 160

Refrain to-night
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence ; the next more easy,
For use almost can change the stamp of nature.

ll 65-8

Lay not that flattering unction to your heart.

l 145

I must be cruel only to be kind.

l 178

Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Act IV sc 3 ll 9-11

Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused.

sc 4 ll 36-9

When sorrows come, they come not single spies
But in battalions.

sc 5 ll 78-9

There's such divinity doth hedge a king
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.

ll 123-5

Alas, poor Yorick ! I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning ? quite chap-fallen ? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh at that.

Act V sc 1 ll 203-15

To what base uses we may return, Horatio.

l 223

Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that the earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

ll 236-9

A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

ll 264-5

Sweets to the sweet : farewell !

l 266

I loved Ophelia : forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.

ll 292-4

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

sc 2 *ll* 10-1

Absent thee from felicity a while.

l 358

The rest is silence.

l 369

Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Julius Cæsar Act I sc 2 ll 134-40

O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ?

Act III sc 1 ll 148-50

The choice and master spirits of this age.

l 163

Though last, not least in love.

l 189

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.

ll 207-8

O pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.

ll 254-7

Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more.

sc 2 *l* 22

The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

ll 80-1

But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

ll 123-5

For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel ;
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him ; then burst his mighty heart ;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I and you and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

ll 185-96

I had rather be a dog and bay the moon
Than such a Roman.

Act IV sc 3 *ll* 27-8

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

ll 218-21

This was the noblest Roman of them all :
 All the conspirators, save only he,
 Did that they did in envy of great Caesar ;
 He only, in a general honest thought
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle, and the elements
 So mixed in him that nature might stand up
 And say to all the world ' This was a man ! '

Act V sc 5 ll 68-75

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do :
 Not light them for themselves.

Measure for Measure Act I sc 1 ll 33-4

Spirits are not finely touched
 But to fine issues.

ll 36-7

I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted.

sc 4 l 34

Our doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt.

ll 77-9

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
 Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
 And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
 Their perch and not their terror.

Act II sc 1 ll 1-4

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
 Another thing to fall.

ll 17-18

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;
 And He that might the vantage best have took,
 Found out the remedy. How would you be,
 If He, which is the top of judgment, should
 But judge you as you are ? O think on that,
 And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
 Like man new made.

sc 2 ll 73-9

O it is excellent

To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

ll 107-9

But man, proud man,

Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep.

ll 117-22

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most ?

l 164

Most dangerous

Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue.

ll 181-3

Ay, but to die and go we know not where :
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot ;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice ;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling ! 'tis too horrible !
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Act III sc 1 ll 118-32

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn ;
But my kisses bring again, bring again ;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

Act IV sc 1 ll 1-6

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed.

Othello Act I sc 1 ll 43-4

I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at.

ll 64-5

You are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you.
l 109

Most potent, grave and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love.

sc 3 ll 78-91

I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence
And portance in my travels' history :
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak—such was the process—
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline.
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse ; which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart

That I would all my pilgrimage dilate
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intently. I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful ;
 She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
 That Heaven had made her such a man. She thanked me
 And bade me if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake.
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.

ll 132-69

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down.

ll 230-2

O most lame and impotent conclusion !

Act II sc 1 l 162

Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

l 321

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
 Who steals my purse, steals trash : 'tis something, nothing ;
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him
 And makes me poor indeed.

Act III sc 3 ll 155-61

O beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
 It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on.

ll 165-7

But O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
 Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves.

ll 169-70

Poor and content is rich and rich enough,
 But riches fineless is as poor as winter
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

ll 172-4

Trifles light as air
 Are to the jealous confirmation strong
 As proofs of holy writ.

ll 322-4

O now, for ever
 Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
 Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
 Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war !
 And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

ll 347-57

On horror's head horrors accumulate.

l 370

Like to the Pontic sea,
 Whose icy current and compulsive course
 Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
 To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
 Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
 Till that a capable and wide revenge
 Swallow them up.

ll 453-60

But yet the pity of it, Iago ! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago !
Act IV sc 1 l 206

I understand a fury in your words,
 But not the words.

sc 2 ll 32-3

Had it pleased Heaven
 To try me with affliction : had they rained
 All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head ;
 Steeped me in poverty to the very lips ;

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
 I should have found in some place of my soul
 A drop of patience ; but alas ! to make me
 A fixed figure for the time of scorn
 To point his slow unmoving finger at !
 Yet could I bear that too, well, very well ;
 But there where I have garnered up my heart,
 Where either I must live or bear no life ;
 The fountain from the which my current runs
 Or else dries up : to be discarded thence !
 Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
 To knot and gender in ! Turn thy complexion there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin,
 Ay, there look grim as hell !

ll 47-64

O thou weed,
 Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
 That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born !
ll 67-9

He hath a daily beauty in his life.

Act V sc 1 l 19

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !—
 It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood ;
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
 And smooth as monumental alabaster.
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
 Put out the light, and then put out the light :
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me ; but once put out thine,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume. When I have plucked the rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It needs must wither : I'll smell it on the tree.
 Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword ! One more, one more.
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after. One more and this the last :
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears ; this sorrow's heavenly :
 It strikes where it doth love.

sc 2 ll 1-22

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

ll 74-5

One entire and perfect chrysolite.

l 145

Behold ! I have a weapon ;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I have seen the day,
That with this little arm and this good sword
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop. But O, vain boast !
Who can control his fate ? 'Tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed ;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismayed ? 'Tis a lost fear ;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast
And he retires. Where should Othello go ?
Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starred wench !
Pale as thy smock ! When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from Heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl !
Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave !
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight !
Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !
O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead !
Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

ll 259-82

I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice ; then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well ;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
Perplexed in the extreme ; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.

ll 340-51

1st Witch. When shall we three meet again,

In thunder, lightning or in rain ?

2nd Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,

When the battle's lost and won.

Macbeth Act I sc 1 ll 1-4

And oftentimes to win us to our harm,

The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;

Win us with honest trifles to betray us

In deepest consequence.

sc 3 ll 123-6

Come what come may,

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

ll 146-7

The milk of human kindness.

sc 5 l 18

Come, come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,

And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full

Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood ;

Stop up the access and passage to remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

The effect and it ! Come to my woman's breasts

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances

You wait on nature's mi-chief ! Come, thick night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark

To cry ' Hold, hold ! '

ll 41-55

That but this blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,

We'd jump the life to come.

sc 7 ll 4-7

His virtues

Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against

The deep damnation of his taking-off.

ll 18-20

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.

ll 24-5

Angels are bright still though the brightest fell.
Though all things foul would wear the brow of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

sc 3 ll 22-4

My way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.

Act V sc 3 ll 22-3

Throw physic to the dogs ; I'll none of it.

l 47

To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more ; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

sc 5 ll 19-28

So young, my lord, and true !

King Lear Act I sc 1 l 109

That glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not.

sc 1 ll 228-9

Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend.

sc 4 l 281

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child !

ll 310-1

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

l 369

Renege, affirm and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters.

Act II sc 2 ll 84-5

Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery.

ll 172-3

Necessity's sharp pinch.

l 214

O reason not the need : our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life's as cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady :
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But for true need,
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need.

ll 267-74

Contending with the fretful element :
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease ; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage
Catch in their fury and make nothing of ;
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs
And bids what will take all.

Act III sc 1 ll 4-15

Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks ! rage ! blow !
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks !
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head ! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world !
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man !

sc 2 ll 1-9

O how this mother swells up toward my heart !
Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing-sorrow,
Thy element's below !

sc 4 ll 57-9

Rumble thy bellyful ! spit, fire ! spout, rain !
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness .
 I never gave you kingdom, called you children.
 You owe me no subscription ; then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand, your slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man—
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters joined
 Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. O, O ! 'tis foul !

ll 14-24

No, I will be the pattern of all patience :
 I will say nothing.

ll 36-7

I am a man
 More sinned against than sinning.

ll 58-9

The art of our necessities is strange
 That can make vile things precious.

ll 70-1

I'll speak a prophecy ere I go :
 When priests are more in word than matter ;
 When brewers mar their malt with water ;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
 No heretics burned, but wenches' suitors ;
 When every ease in law is right ;
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
 When slanders do not live in tongues ;
 Nor cutpurses come not to throngs ;
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field
 And bawds and whores do churches build—
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion ;
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be used with feet.
 This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before his time.

ll 80-95

Where the greater malady is fixed,
 The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear ;
 But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
 Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,

The body's delicate ; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there.

sc 4 ll 8-13

That way madness lies.

l 21

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this ! Take physic, pomp :
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just.

ll 28-36

Child Rowland to the dark tower came ;
His word was still, 'Fie, foh and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.'

ll 187-9

To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em.

sc 6 ll 16-7

When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind.
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow.
He childed as I fathered !

ll 109-17

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods :
They kill us for their sport.

Act IV sc 1 ll 38-9

'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind.

l 47

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :
Filths savour but themselves.

sc 2 ll 38-9

Hark ! do you hear the sea ?

sc 6 l 4

Come on, sir ; here's the place ; stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire : dreadful trade !
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more
Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

ll 11-24

As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons ; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelked and waved like the enridged sea :
It was some fiend.

ll 69-72

Ay, every inch a king.

l 109

It smells of mortality.

l 136

Lear. A man may see how this world goes with no eyes : look
with thine ears. See how yond justice rails upon yond simple
thief : hark in thine ear. Change places, and handy-dandy
which is the justice, which is the thief. Thou hast seen a farmer's
dog bark at a beggar ?

Gloucester. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur ? There thou might'st
behold the great image of authority : a dog's obeyed in office.

ll 153-63

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear :
Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks ;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

ll 168-71

You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave :
 Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
 Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
 Do scald like molten lead.

sc 7 ll 45-8

Ripeness is all.

Act V sc 2 l 11

Come let's away to prison :
 We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
 And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live
 And pray and sing and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them too,
 Who loses and who wins ; who's in, who's out ;
 And take upon's the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out
 In a walled prison packs and sects of great ones
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

sc 3 ll 8-19

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The gods themselves throw incense.

ll 20-1

The gods are just and of our pleasant vices
 Make instruments to scourge us.

ll 170-1

O our lives' sweetness !
 That we the pain of death would hourly die
 Rather than die at once.

ll 184-6

Her voice was ever soft,
 Gentle and low : an excellent thing in woman.

ll 272-3

Vex not his ghost. O let him pass ! He hates him much
 That would upon the rack of this tough world
 Stretch him out longer.

ll 313-5

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

Timon of Athens Act I sc 2 l 150

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Antony and Cleopatra Act I sc 1 l 15

It hath been taught us from the primal state
That he which is, was wished until he were ;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes deared by being lacked.

sc 4 ll 41-4

My salad days,

When I was green in judgment.

sc 5 ll 73-4

The barge she sat in like a burnished throne
Burned on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them ; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description : she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'erpicturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature ; on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Act II sc 2 ll 196-210

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

ll 240-1

Let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way.

Act III sc 6 ll 84-5

The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance : we have kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces.

sc 10 ll 6-8

Men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.

sc 13 ll 31-4

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
 (O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes;
 In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
 Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut
 To our confusion.

ll 111-5

I am dying, Egypt, dying.

Act IV sc 15 l 18

I have
 Immortal longings in me.

Act V sc 2 ll 284-5

Hark, hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes.
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise:
 Arise, arise.

Cymbeline Act II sc 3 ll 21-9

'Tis slander:
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
 All corners of the world.

Act III sc 4 ll 35-9

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Act IV sc 2 258-63

Hang there like fruit, my soul,
 Till the tree die.

Act V sc 5 ll 264-5

In the dark backward and abysm of time.

Tempest Act I sc 2 l 50

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
 Of his bones are coral made ;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes.
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
 Hark ! now I hear them : ding-dong, bell.

ll 396-403

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :
 If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
 Good things will strive to dwell with't.

ll 457-9

A kind
 Of excellent dumb discourse.

Act III sc 3 ll 38-9

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits and
 Are melted into air, into thin air ;
 And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

Act IV sc 1 ll 148-58

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly,
 After summer, merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Act V sc 1 ll 88-94

What's gone and what's past help
 Should be past grief.

Winter's Tale Act III sc 2 ll 223-4

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

Act IV sc 3 l 26

Nature is made better by no mean, but nature makes that mean.
sc 4 l 89

Daffodils,
 That come before the swallow dares and take
 The winds of March with beauty.

ll 118-20

When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that.

ll 140-2

To unpathed waters, undreamed shores.

l 577

Glory is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

Henry VI Part I Act I sc 2 ll 133-5

She's beautiful and therefore to be wooed :
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Act V sc 3 ll 78-9

Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell.
 I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience ;
 These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Henry VI Part II Act II sc 4 ll 67-9

Smooth runs the water when the brook is deep.

Act III sc 1 l 53

What stronger breastplate than a heart unstained ?
 Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
 And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

sc 2 ll 232-5

He that is truly dedicate to war,
 Hath no self-love ; nor he that loves himself
 Hath not essentially but by circumstance
 The name of valour.

Act V sc 2 ll 37-40

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
 Within whose circuit is Elysium
 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Henry VI Part III Act I sc 2 ll 29-31

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

Act IV sc 8 ll 7-8

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en :
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Taming of the Shrew Act I sc 1 ll 39-40

And thereby hangs a tale.

Act IV sc 1 l 60

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.

sc 3 l 174

3rd Fisherman. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.
1st Fisherman. Why, as men do a-land : the great ones eat up
the little ones.

Pericles Act II sc 1 ll 29-32

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at
And lose by overrunning.

Henry VIII Act I sc 1 ll 140-3

'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.

sc 2 ll 75-6

Things done well
And with a care exempt themselves from fear.

ll 88-9

'Tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content
Than to be perked up in a glistening grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

Act II sc 3 ll 19-22

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain-tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,

Hung their heads and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Act III sc 1 ll 3-14

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,
 And from that full meridian of my glory
 I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening
 And no man see me more.

sc 2 ll 221-5

O my lord,
 Press not a falling man too far.

ll 332-3

This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.

ll 352-64

A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience.

ll 379-80

I charge thee, fling away ambition :
 By that sin fell the angels.

ll 441-2

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, He would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

ll 455-7

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE 1565-1593

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
 And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!

Doctor Faustus sc 14 ll 83-5

O, thou art fairer than the evening air
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

ll 96-7

Infinite riches in a little room.

Jew of Malta Act I sc 1 l 37

Come live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
 Woods or steepy mountain yields.

Passionate Shepherd to his Love

By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Ibid

THOMAS DEKKER 1570 ?-1641 ?

The best of men
 That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer:
 A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
 The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

Honest Whore Part I sc 13

JOHN DONNE 1573-1631

For love all love of other sights controls
 And makes one little room an everywhere.

The Good-morrow

Think then, my soul, that death is but a groom,
 Which brings a taper to the outward room,
 Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light
 And after brings it nearer to thy sight.

An Anatomy of the World Of the Progress of the Soul

Her pure and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
 That one might almost say, her body thought.

Ibid

BEN JONSON 1573 ?-1637

Not with tickling rimes,
 Or common-places filehed that take these times,
 But high and noble matter, such as flies
 From brains entranced and filled with ecstasies.

Forest xii

Marlowe's mighty line.

To the Memory of Shakespeare

Small Latin and less Greek.

Ibid

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere.
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night :
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

The Noble Nature

JOHN FLETCHER 1576-1625

They that intend
 To do are like deep waters that run quietly,
 Leaving no face of what they were behind 'em.

Captain Act II sc 1 ll 2-4

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
 Render an honest and a perfect man,
 Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;
 Nothing to him falls early or too late.
 Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us still ;
 And when the stars are labouring, we believe
 It is not that they govern, but they grieve
 For stubborn ignorance. All things that are
 Made for our general uses are at war,
 Even we among ourselves, and from the strife
 Your first unlike opinions got a life.

Upon an Honest Man's Fortune

A holy hermit is a mind alone.
 Doth not experience teach us all we can
 To work ourselves into a glorious man ?

Ibid

GEORGE HERBERT 1593-1632

A verse may finde him who a sermon flies,
 And turn delight into a sacrifice.

Church Porch

Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt us round :
 Parents first season us ; then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound
 To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundayes, sorrow dogging sinne,
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratitude,
 The sounds of glorie ringing in our eares ;
 Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;
 Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these senses and their whole aray
 One cunning bosome-sinne blows quite away.

Sin

To write a verse or two, is all the praise
 That I can raise.

Praise

Who, when great trials come,
 Nor seeks, nor shunnes them ; but doth calmly stay,
 Till he the thing and the example weigh :
 All being brought into a summe,
 What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Constancy

When the day is done,
 His goodnesse sets not but in dark can runne.

Ibid

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridall of the earth and skie,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night :
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My musick shows ye have your closes
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and vertuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

Virtue

Man is one world, and hath
 Another to attend him.

Man

When God at first made man,
 Having a glasse of blessings standing by,
 'Let us ', said He, 'poure on him all we can :
 Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
 Contract into a span'.

So strength first made a way,
 Then beautie flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure ;
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that, alone of all his treasure,
 Rest in the bottome lay.

'For if I should', said He,
 'Bestow this jewell also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of Me,
 And rest in nature, not the God of nature :
 So both should losers be.

'Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlesnesse :
 Let him be rich and wearie that at least,
 If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
 May tosse him to my breast'.

The Pulley

JAMES SHIRLEY 1596-1666

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Contention of Ajax and Ulysses sc 3

OLIVER CROMWELL 1599-1658

A man never rises higher than when he knows not whither he
is going.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE 1605-1682

Nature is the art of God.

Religio Medici Part I sect 16

To be nameless in worthy deeds.

Hydriotaphia

JOHN MILTON 1608-1674

And waving wide her myrtle wand,

She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

Nativity Hymn st 3

No war or battle's sound

Was heard the world around ;

The idle spear and shield were high uphung ;

The hooked chariot stood,

Unstained with hostile blood ;

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;

And kings sat still with awful eye,

As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

st 4

While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

st 5

The shepherds on the lawn,

Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;

Full little thought they than

That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below.
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

st 8

Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

st 18

And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

st 27

Where the bright seraphim in burning row
 Their loud, uplifted angel-trumpets blow.

At a Solemn Music

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
 The labour of an age in piled stones?
 Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
 For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

On Shakespeare

So buxom, blithe and debonair.

L'Allegro l 24

Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.

ll 27-8

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come and trip it, as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe.

ll 31-4

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

ll 67-8

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees.

ll 75-8

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

ll 129-30

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

ll 133-40

The hidden soul of harmony.

l 144

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast and demure.

Il Penseroso ll 31-2

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

ll 49-50

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !

ll 61-2

Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

ll 73-6

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

ll 79-80

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook.

ll 85-93

Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine;
 Or what though rare of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

ll 97-102

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek
 And made Hell grant what love did seek.

ll 105-8

Where more is meant than meets the ear.

l 120

And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voiced quire below,
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness through mine ear
 Dissolve me into ecstasies
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

ll 159-66

Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.

ll 173-4

Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie.

Arcades

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
 Which men call Earth.

Comus ll 5-6

That golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.

ll 13-14

Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.

ll 103-4

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

ll 143-4

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled !

ll 249-52

Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium.

ll 256-7

Such sober certainty of waking bliss.

l 263

And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever.

l 368

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright day ;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun :
Himself is his own dungeon.

ll 381-6

'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity.
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And like a quivered nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests and unharboured heaths,
Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandite or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.

ll 420-7

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
 That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream and solemn vision
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal.

ll 453-64

How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

ll 476-81

Storied of old in high, immortal verse.

l 516

I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death.

ll 560-2

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save!

ll 859-67

Mortals that would follow me,
 Love Virtue: she alone is free.
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime;
 Or if Virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

ll 1018-24

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due.
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rime.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Lycidas ll 1-14

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade and rill;
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
 We drove a-field.

ll 23-7

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone and never must return.

ll 37-8

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade
 And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
 And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise',
 Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears,
 'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
As He pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed'.

ll 64-85

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly and foul contagion spread ;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once and smite no more.

ll 123-32

Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away.

ll 154-5

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey ;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay ;

And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay.
 At last he rose and twitched his mantle blue :
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

ll 164-92

Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure, even
 To that same lot however mean or high
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

On his having arrived at the Age of Twenty-three

That old man eloquent.

To the Lady Margaret Ley

License they mean when they cry liberty.

*On the Detraction which followed upon my writing Certain
 Treatises Sonnet II*

New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large.

*On the New Forces of Conscience under the Long
 Parliament*

Peace hath her victories

No less renowned than war.

To the Lord General Cromwell

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
 Forget not : in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant ; that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

On the Late Massacre in Piedmont

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, (though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide),
 'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
 Is kingly : thousands at his bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait'.

On his Blindness

Cyriack, this three years' day, these eyes, though clear
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun or moon or star throughout the year,
 Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

To Cyriack Skinner Sonnet 11

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom, washed from spot of child-bed taint,
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind ;
 Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But oh ! as to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked—she fled—and day brought back my night.

On his Deceased Wife

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
 Restore us and regain the blissful seat,
 Sing, heavenly muse, that on the secret top
 Of Oreb or of Sinai didst inspire
 That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
 In the beginning how the heavens and earth
 Rose out of Chaos ; or if Sion hill
 Delight thee more and Siloa's brook that flowed
 Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rime.
 And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for Thou know'st : Thou from the first
 Wast present and with mighty wings outspread
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
 And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support ;
 That to the highth of this great argument
 I may assert Eternal Providence
 And justify the ways of God to men.

Paradise Lost Book I ll 1-26

Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition ; there to dwell
 In adamantinè chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

ll 44-50

As far as angels ken.

l 59

Yet from those flames
 No light but rather darkness visible.

ll 62-3

What though the field be lost ?
 All is not lost : the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,

And courage never to submit or yield ;
And what is else not to be overcome.

ll 105-10

Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep.

ll 151-2

Fallen cherub ! to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering ; but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist.

ll 157-63

And out of good still to find means of evil.

l 165

What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what resolution from despair.

ll 190-1

Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells !

ll 249-50

A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

ll 253-5

To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell :
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.

ll 262-3

His ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolè
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast

Of some great ammiral were but a wand,
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle.

ll 284-96

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower.

ll 302-4

He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded.

ll 314-5

Awake, arise or be for ever fallen !

l 330

Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man.

l 366

Devils to adore for deities.

l 373

Execute their aery purposes.

l 430

But he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage and dispelled their fears ;
Then straight commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall,
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign ; which full high advanced
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds,
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving ; with them rose

A forest huge of spears, and thronging helms
 Appeared and serried shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
 Of flutes and soft recorders, such as raised
 To highth of noblest temper heroes old
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
 Breathing united force with fixed thought,
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil. And now
 Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old, with ordered spear and shield,
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief
 Had to impose. He through the armed files
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views their order due,
 Their visages and stature as of gods.
 Their number last he sums; and now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength,
 Glories.

ll 527-74

His form had yet not lost
 All its original brightness, nor appeared
 Less than archangel ruined and the excess
 Of glory obscured.

ll 591-4

His face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek.

ll 600-3

Tears such as angels weep.

l 620

That strife
 Was not inglorious, though the event was dire.

ll 623-4

Who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.

ll 648-9

He spake ; and to confirm his words outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim ; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

ll 663-70

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven, for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific.

ll 679-85

Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell : that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.

ll 690-2

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation.

ll 710-1

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day, and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star
On Lemnos, the Ægæan isle.

ll 742-46

Faery elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course.

ll 781-6

High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sat.

Book II ll 1-5

Rather than be less
 Cared not to be at all.

ll 47-8

Make the worse appear
 The better reason.

ll 113-4

For who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated Night,
 Devoid of sense and motion?

ll 146-52

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved.

l 185

Which when Beelzebub perceived, than whom
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
 A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat, and public care,
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic, though in ruin.

ll 299-305

Long is the way
 And hard that out of Hell leads up to light.

ll 432-3

In discourse more sweet
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
 Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
 Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

ll 555-61

Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
 Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.

ll 582-6

A universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good ;
 Where all life dies, death lives and nature breeds
 Perverse all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, inutterable and worse
 Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived,
 Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire.

ll 622-8

Incensed with indignation Satan stood
 Unterrified, and like a comet burned
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In the arctic sky and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war.

ll 707-11

I fled and cried out 'Death !'
 Hell trembled at the hideous name and sighed
 From all her caves and back resounded 'Death !'

ll 789-91

On a sudden open fly
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
 The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder.

ll 879-82

The gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a bannered host,
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
 With horse and chariots ranked in loose array ;
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoary deep : a dark
 Illimitable ocean without bound,
 Without dimension ; where length, breadth and highth,
 And time and place, are lost ; where eldest Night
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold

Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
 Of endless wars and by confusion stand.
 For Hot, Cold, Moist and Dry, four champions fierce,
 Strive here for mastery and to battle bring
 Their embryon atoms.

ll 884-901

To compare
 Great things with small.

ll 921-2

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded.

ll 995-6

And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
 This pendent world, in bigness as a star
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
 Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
 Accurst and in a cursed hour he hies.

ll 1051-5

Hail, holy Light ! offspring of Heaven first-born !
 Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,
 May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light
 And never but in unapproached light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate !
 Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream
 Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the sun,
 Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
 With other notes than to the Orphean lyre
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night ;
 Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down
 The dark descent and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp, but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray and find no dawn,

So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the muses haunt,
 Clear spring or shady grove or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallowed feet and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit ; nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equalled with me in fate,
 So were I equalled with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old ;
 Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
 Or flocks or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead and everduring dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Book III ll 1-55

Sufficient to have stood though free to fall.

l 99

But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine.

l 134

In Him all his Father shone
 Substantially expressed ; and in his face
 Divine compassion visibly appeared,
 Love without end and without measure grace.

ll 139-42

No sooner had the Almighty ceased but (all
 The multitude of angels, with a shout

Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy) Heaven rung
 With jubilee and loud hosannas filled
 The eternal regions. Lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold,
 Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
 In Paradise fast by the Tree of Life
 Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence
 To Heaven removed where first it grew, there grows
 And flowers aloft, shading the Fount of Life,
 And where the River of Bliss through midst of Heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream !
 With these that never fade the spirits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with beams.
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
 Then crowned again, their golden harps they took,
 Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
 Like quivers hung ; and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high :
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

ll 344-72

Dark with excessive bright.

l 380

Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old.

l 568

At whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads.

Book IV ll 34-5

Which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?
 Which way I fly is Hell ; myself am Hell,
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.

ll 73-8

All good to me is lost ;
Evil, be thou my good.

ll 109-10

Sabaeon odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest.

ll 162-3

So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold,
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant.

ll 192-6

Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.

l 222

Flowers of all hue and without thorn the rose.

l 256

Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world.

ll 268-72

For contemplation he, and valour formed ;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace ;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule, and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

ll 297-312

So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
 Of God or angel, for they thought no ill :
 So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met :
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons ; the fairest of her daughters Eve.

ll 319-24

In the ascending scale
 Of heaven the stars that usher evening rose.

ll 354-5

And with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.

ll 393-4

How beauty is excelled by manly grace
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

ll 490-1

Imparadised in one another's arms.

l 506

Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
 On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
 Impress the air.

ll 555-8

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale,
 She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
 Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires ; Hesperus that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

ll 598-609

The timely dew of sleep.

l 614

With thee conversing, I forget all time,
 All seasons and their change ; all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
 Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming-on
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird and this fair moon
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
 Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon
 Or glittering star-light—without thee is sweet.

ll 656-73

Nor think, though men were none,
 That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night.

ll 675-80

In naked beauty more adorned,
 More lovely than Pandora.

ll 713-4

Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant lamp and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels.

ll 763-5

Sleep on,
 Blest pair ! and O ! yet happiest, if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more !

ll 773-5

Abashed the Devil stood,
 And felt how awful goodness is and saw
 Virtue in her shape how lovely.

ll 846-8

Satan alarmed,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved.

ll 985-7

The starry cope
Of heaven.

ll 992-3

The fiend looked up and knew
His mounted scale aloft ; nor more, but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

ll 1013-5

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl.

Book V ll 1-2

His love-laboured song.

l 41

Good the more
Communicated more abundant grows.

ll 69-70

Nor delayed the winged saint
After his charge received, but from among
Thousand celestial ardours, where he stood
Veiled with his gorgeous wings, upspringing light,
Flew through the midst of Heaven.

ll 247-51

A wilderness of sweets.

l 294

Another morn
Risen on mid-noon.

ll 310-1

The bright consummate flower.

l 481

Freely we serve,
Because we freely love.

ll 538-9

Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills.

l 547

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers.

l 601

And in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy.

ll 637-8

Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.

ll 745-7

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found :
Among the faithless faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he passed,
Long way through hostile scorn which he sustained
Superior, nor of violence feared aught ;
And with retorted scorn his back he turned
On those proud towers, to swift destruction doomed.

ll 907-19

All night the dreadless angel unpursued
Through Heaven's wide champain held his way, till morn,
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarred the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heaven
Grateful vicissitude like day and night ;
Light issues forth and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the Heaven, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here. And now went forth the morn
Such as in highest Heaven, arrayed in gold
Empyrean ; from before her vanished night,
Shot through with orient beams ; when all the plain,
Covered with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze first met his view :
War he perceived, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought

To have reported. Gladly then he mixed
 Among those friendly powers, who him received
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
 That of so many myriads fallen yet one
 Returned not lost.

Book VI ll 1-25

Servant of God, well done ! Well hast thou fought
 The better fight, who single hast maintained
 Against revolted multitudes the cause
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms,
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear
 Than violence ; for this was all thy care,
 To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
 Judged thee perverse.

ll 29-37

So spake the sovran Voice, and clouds began
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
 In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign
 Of wrath awaked ; nor with less dread the loud
 Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow.
 At which command the powers militant
 That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate joined
 Of union irresistible, moved on
 In silence their bright legions to the sound
 Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
 Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds,
 Under their godlike leaders in the cause
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move
 Indissolubly firm.

ll 56-69

Now storming fury rose,
 And clamour such as heard in Heaven till now
 Was never ; arms on armour clashing brayed
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
 Of brazen chariots raged ; dire was the noise
 Of conflict ; overhead the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.

ll 207-14

Found worthy not of liberty alone—
 Too mean pretence—but what we more affect :
 Honour, dominion, glory and renown.

ll 420-2

But live content, which is the calmest life.

l 460

Arm, warriors, arm for fight ! the foe at hand.

l 537

Attended by ten thousand thousand saints,
He onward came ; far off his coming shone.

ll 767-8

So spake the Son, and into terror changed
His countenance, too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot rolled as with the sound
Of torrent floods or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night. Under his burning wheels
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them He arrived, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which He sent
Before him, such as in their souls infixed
Plagues. They, astonished, all resistance lost,
All courage ; down their idle weapons dropt ;
O'er shields and helms and helmed heads He rode
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
That wished the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged Four,
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels,
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;
One spirit in them ruled and every eye
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among the accursed that withered all their strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drained,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
Yet half his strength He put not forth, but checked
His thunder in mid-volley ; for He meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven.
The overthrown He raised, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together thronged,
Drove them before Him thunderstruck, pursued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heaven, which opening wide

Rolled inward and a spacious gap disclosed
 Into the wasteful Deep. The monstrous sight
 Strook them with horror backward ; but far worse
 Urged them behind ; headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of Heaven ; eternal wrath
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

ll 824-66

Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
 More safe I sing with mortal voice unchanged
 To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
 On evil days though fallen and evil tongues ;
 In darkness and with dangers compassed round
 And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly or when morn
 Purples the east ; still govern thou my song,
 Urania, and fit audience find though few.

Book VII ll 23-31

This inaccessible high strength.

l 141

Heaven opened wide
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,
 On golden hinges moving.

ll 205-7

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace !

l 216

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
 Repairing in their golden urns draw light.

ll 335-6

Endued
 With sanctity of reason.

ll 507-8

Up He rode,
 Followed with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tuned
 Angelic harmonies. The earth, the air
 Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st,)
 The heavens and all the constellations rung,
 The planets in their stations listening stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant

‘Open, ye everlasting gates!’ they sung;
 ‘Open, ye Heavens, your living doors! let in
 The great Creator, from his work returned
 Magnificent, his six days’ work, a World!
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged messengers
 On errands of supernal grace’. So sung
 The glorious train ascending.

ll 557-71

To know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime wisdom.

Book VIII ll 192-4

Liquid lapse of murmuring streams.

l 263

Accuse not nature: she hath done her part;
 Do thou but thine!

ll 561-2

For solitude sometimes is best society
 And short retirement urges sweet return.

Book IX ll 249-50

To whom thus Adam gratefully replied:
 ‘Ascend; I follow thee, safe guide, the path
 Thou lead’st me, and to the hand of Heaven submit,
 However chastening; to the evil turn
 My obvious breast, arming to overcome
 By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,
 If so I may attain’. So both ascend
 In the visions of God.

Book XI ll 370-7

Nor love thy life, nor hate, but what thou liv’st
 Live well; how long or short permit to Heaven.

ll 553-4

The evening star,
 Love’s harbinger.

ll 588-9

The brazen throat of war.

l 713

A death like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.

Book XII ll 434-5

They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon.
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

ll 641-9

Who best
Can suffer best can do; best reign who first
Well hath obeyed.

Paradise Regained Book III ll 194-6

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!

Samson Agonistes ll 80-2

The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

ll 86-9

With plain heroic magnitude of mind.

l 1279

Other things men do to the glory of God, but sects and errors it
seems God suffers to be for the glory of good men, that the world
may know and reverence their true fortitude and undaunted
constancy in the truth.

Reason of Church Government Book I chap VII

A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland
and singing robes about him.

Book II introduction

By labour and intent study, (which I take to be my portion in
this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might
perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should
not willingly let it die.

Ibid

That Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases.
Ibid

The bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.

Ibid

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce

To which (logic) poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate.

Of Education

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches and partake in her rejoicing.

Ibid

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem : that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things ; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy.

Apology for Smectymnus

The first and chiefest office of love begins and ends in the soul.

Ibid

True eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth.

Ibid

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book : who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image ; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself.

Areopagitica

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

Ibid

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.

Ibid

For the divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack ; not indeed so much from the privation of my sight, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings which seem to have occasioned this obscurity ; and which, when occasioned, He is wont to illuminate with an interior light more precious and more pure.

Second Defence of the People of England

JOHN SUCKLING 1609-1641

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out.

Ballad upon a Wedding

RICHARD LOVELACE 1618-1658

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

To Lucasta Going to the Wars

Stone walls doe not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Mindes innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage ;
If I have freedome in my love
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

To Althea From Prison

ANDREW MARVELL 1621-1678

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

The Garden

HENRY VAUGHAN 1621-1695

And having past
Through all the creatures, came at last
To search myselfe, where I did find
Traces and sounds of a strange kind.
Here of this mighty spring I found some drills,
With echoes beaten from th' eternal hills.

Vanity of Spirit

Happy those early dayes, when I
Shined in my angell-infancy !
Before I onderstood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to faney ought
But a white celestiall thought ;
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of His bright face ;
When on some gilded cloud or flowre
My gazing soul would dwell an houre
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity.
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinfull sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A severall sinne to every sence,
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.
O how I long to travell back
And tread again that ancient track
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine ;
From whence th'inlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palme-trees.
But ah ! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way !

Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move ;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

The Retreat

Some love a rose
 In hand, some in the skin ;
 But, crosse to those,
 I would have mine within.

Content

I saw eternity the other night
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright ;
 And round beneath it Time, in hours, days, years,
 Driven by the spheres
 Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
 And all her train were hurled.

The World

They are all gone into the world of light
 And I alone sit lingering here !
 Their very memory is fair and bright
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy brest,
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days ;
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

They are all gone into the world of light

For each inclosed spirit is a star
 Inlight'ning his own little sphere,
 Whose light, though fetcht and borrowed from far,
 Both mornings makes and evenings there.

The Bird

JOHN BUNYAN 1628-1688

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children began to cry after him to return ; but the man put his fingers in his ears and ran on, crying 'Life, life, eternal life !' So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain.

Pilgrim's Progress

He ran thus till he came to a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a Cross, and a little below in the bottom a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream that just as Christian came up with the Cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Ibid

To go back is nothing but death ; to go forward is fear of death and life everlasting beyond it : I will yet go forward.

Ibid

‘ And all their talk at the table was about the Lord of the hill ; as, namely, about what he had done, and wherefore he did what he did, and why he had builded that house ; and by what they said, I perceived that he had been a great warrior, and had fought with and slain him that had the power of death, but not without great danger to himself, which made me love him the more. For, as they said, and as I believe ’, said Christian, ‘ he did it with the loss of much blood. But that which put the glory of grace into all he did, was that he did it out of pure love to his country ’.

Ibid

The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang.

Ibid

Then I saw that there was a way to Hell even from the gate of Heaven.

Ibid

JOHN DRYDEN 1631-1700

Great wits are sure to madness near allied
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Absalom and Achitophel

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began :
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

Song for St. Cecilia's Day

And like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Alexander's Feast

He raised a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down.

Ibid

Three poets in three distant ages born
Greece, Italy and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no farther go :
To make a third she joined the former two.

Written under a Picture of Milton

THOMAS WILSON 1663-1755

To make reason and the will of God prevail.

MATTHEW PRIOR 1664-1721

The end must justify the means.

Hans Carvel

JONATHAN SWIFT 1667-1745

The two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

Battle of the Books

ALEXANDER POPE 1688-1744

All other goods by fortune's hand are given :
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.

January and May ll 51-2

A little learning is a dangerous thing !
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

Essay on Criticism Part II ll 15-6

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

ll 156-7

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow :
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main.
ll 166-73

To err, is human ; to forgive, divine.
l 325

Men must be taught, as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
ll 15-6

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
l 66

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things.
Rape of the Lock canto I ll 1-2

Here thou, great Anna ! whom three realms obey,
 Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
canto III ll 7-8

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call :
 She comes unlooked-for, if she comes at all.
Temple of Fame ll 513-4

Unblemished let me live, or die unknown :
 O Grant an honest fame, or grant me none !
ll 523-4

I war not with the dead.
Iliad Book VII l 489

Short is my date, but deathless my renown.
Book IX l 535

He serves me most, who serves his country best.
Book X l 201

Like strength is felt from hope and from despair.
Book XV l 852

Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspired.

Book XVI l 267

It is not strength but art obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise.

Book XXIII ll 383-4

And what he greatly thought, he nobly dared.

Odyssey Book II l 312

The glory of a firm capacious mind.

Book IV l 262

True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed:
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Book XV ll 83-4

Who shall decide when doctors disagree.

Moral Essays Epistle III l 1

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion, conquers reason still.

ll 153-4

Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in men concur to general use.

ll 161-2

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us, (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die,)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man:
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.

Essay on Man Epistle I ll 1-6

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state.

ll 77-8

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is but always to be blessed.

ll 95-6

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.

ll 99-100

He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

ll 110-2

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.

ll 267-8

All nature is but art, unknown to thee,
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good ;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

ll 289-94

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan :
The proper study of mankind is man.

Epistle II ll 1-2

Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled ;
The glory, jest and riddle of the world.

ll 16-8

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

ll 217-20

In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.

Epistle III ll 307-8

Order is Heaven's first law.

Epistle IV l 49

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

l 248

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.

ll 330-1

Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend.

l 390

Damn with faint praise.

Satires and Epistles of Horace Imitated Prologue l 207

The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Book II Satire I l 127

Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join

The varying verse, the full resounding line,

The long majestic march and energy divine.

Epistle I ll 267-9

Happy the man, whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound,

Content to breathe his native air

In his own ground.

Solitude

WILLIAM CONGREVE 1670-1729

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.

Mourning Bride Act I sc 1

RICHARD STEELE 1671-1729

To love her was a liberal education.

Tatler XLIX

JOSEPH ADDISON 1672-1719

The spacious firmament on high,

With all the blue ethereal sky,

And spangled heavens, a shining frame,

Their great Original proclaim.

The spacious firmament on high

Soon as the evening shades prevail,

The moon takes up the wondrous tale,

And nightly to the listening earth

Repeats the story of her birth ;

While all the stars that round her burn,

And all the planets in their turn,

Confirm the tidings as they roll,

And spread the truth from pole to pole.

Ibid

For ever singing as they shine,
 'The hand that made us is divine'.

Ibid

ISAAC WATTS 1674-1748

How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour,
 And gather honey all the day
 From every opening flower!

Divine Songs Song 20

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
 Holy angels guard thy bed!
 Heavenly blessings without number
 Gently falling on thy head.

Cradle Hymn

EDWARD YOUNG 1684-1765

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Night Thoughts Night I l 393

Our thoughts are heard in Heaven.

Night II l 95

BISHOP BERKELEY 1685-1753

Westward the course of empire takes its way.

On the Prospect of planting Arts and Learning in America

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD 1694-1773

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

Letter March 16 1746

JOHN DYER 1700-1758

A little rule, a little sway,
 A sunbeam on a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave.

Grongar Hill ll 88-91

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN 1706-1790

Every little makes a mickle.

Poor Richard's Almanac 1737

An empty bag cannot stand upright.

1740

If you'd have it done, go : if not, send.

1743

A little neglect may breed great mischief : for want of a nail the shoe was lost ; for want of a shoe the horse was lost ; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy—all for want of care about a horse-shoe nail.

1758

Experience keeps a dear school but fools will learn in no other.

Ibid

SAMUEL JOHNSON 1709-1784

To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

Vanity of Human Wishes l 1

Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn.

Epitaph on Goldsmith

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.

Inserted in Samuel Madden's Poem 'Boulter's Monument'

THOMAS GRAY 1716-1771

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

On a Distant Prospect of Eton College

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard sts 1-3

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threat of pain and ruin to despise;
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad ; nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rimes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

sts 7-23

The still small voice of gratitude.

Installation Ode V

The meanest floweret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common sun, the airy skies,
 To him are opening Paradise.

On the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude

OLIVER GOLDSMITH 1728-1774

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee :
 Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Traveller ll 1-4

The land of scholars and the nurse of arms.

l 356

A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

Deserted Village ll 141-2

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
 The service passed, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 Even children followed, with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile :
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
 Their welfare pleased him and their cares distressed.
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven :
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

ll 177-93

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

ll 253-4

In all the silent manliness of grief.

l 384

All his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them.
Good-natured Man Act I

For he who fights and runs away
 May live to fight another day;
 But he who is in battle slain
 Can never rise and fight again.

Art of Poetry on a New Plan chap XIX

WILLIAM COWPER 1731-1800

I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute.

Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk

Variety's the very spice of life.

The Task Book II The Timepiece l 606

WILLIAM BLAKE 1757-1827

How sweet I roamed from field to field
 And tasted all the summer's pride,
 Till I the Princee of Love beheld
 Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair
 And blushing roses for my brow;
 He led me through his gardens fair
 Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet
 And Phoebus fired my vocal rage;
 He caught me in his silken net
 And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
 Then, laughing, sports and plays with me,
 Then stretches out my golden wing;
 And mocks my loss of liberty.

How sweet I roamed from field to field

Little lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee,
 Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
 By the stream and o'er the mead;

Gave thee clothing of delight,
 Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 Making all the vales rejoice ?
 Little lamb who made thee ?
 Dost thou know who made thee ?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;
 Little lamb, I'll tell thee :
 He is called by thy name,
 For He calls Himself a lamb.
 He is meek and He is mild,
 He became a little child.
 I a child and thou a lamb,
 We are called by his name.
 Little lamb, God bless thee !
 Little lamb, God bless thee !

The Lamb

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

The Tiger

Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

Ibid

I went to the garden of Love,
 And saw what I never had seen ;
 A chapel was built in the midst,
 Where I used to play in the green.

And the gates of this chapel were shut,
 And 'Thou shalt not' writ over the door ;
 So I turned to the garden of Love
 That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
 And tombstones where flowers should be ;
 And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
 And binding with briars my joys and desires.

Garden of Love

Though Thou art worshipped by the names divine
 Of Jesus and Jehovah, Thou art still
 The son of morn in weary night's decline,
 The lost traveller's dream under the hill.

Gates of Paradise Epilogue

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
 Bring me my arrows of desire !
 Bring me my spear ! O clouds, unfold :
 Bring me my chariot of fire !

I will not cease from mental fight
 Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
 Till we have built Jerusalem
 In England's green and pleasant land.

Prophetic Books Milton

To see the world in a grain of sand,
 And a Heaven in a wild flower ;
 Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
 And eternity in an hour.

Auguries of Innocence

He who replies to words of doubt
 Doth put the light of knowledge out.

Proverbs

If the sun and moon should doubt,
 They'd immediately go out.

Ibid

The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water,
 and breeds reptiles of the mind.

Marriage of Heaven and Hell

He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.

Proverbs of Hell

ROBERT BURNS 1759-1796

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene ?
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms ?
 Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between ;
 Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms.
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms ?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode ?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms :
 I tremble to approach an angry God
 And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, ' Forgive my foul offence ',
 Fain promise never more to disobey.

But should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way ;
 Again in folly's path might go astray ;
 Again exalt the brute and sink the man.
 Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray
 That act so counter heavenly mercy's plan ?
 Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran ?

O Thou, great Governor of all below !—
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee—
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea :
 With that controlling power assist ev'n me
 These headlong furious passions to confine,
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be
 To rule their torrent in the allowed line :
 O aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine !

Stanzas in Prospect of Death

Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

Man was made to mourn

Nae treasures nor pleasures
 Could make us happy lang :
 The heart ay's the part ay
 That makes us right or wrang.

Epistle to Davie

Gie me ae spark o' nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire ;
 Then though I drudge through dub an' mire
 At pleugh or cart,
 My muse though hamely in attire
 May touch the heart.

Epistle to J. Lapraik

Haud to the muse, my daintie Davie :
 The warl' may play you monie a shavie,
 But for the muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Though e'er sae puir ;
 Na, even though limpin wi' the spavie
 Frae door to door !

Second Epistle to Davie

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight may be vain :

The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft agley
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
 For promised joy !

Still thou art blest compared wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee,
 But och ! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear,
 An' forward, though I canna see,
 I guess an' fear !

To a Mouse

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman :
 Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
 To step aside is human ;
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving why they do it ;
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us :
 He knows each chord, its various tone,
 Each spring its various bias.
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it ;
 What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.

Address to the Unco Guid

O wad some power the giftie gie us
 To see oursels as ithers see us !
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us
 An' foolish notion :
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
 An' ev'n devotion !

To a Louse

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour,
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem ;
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat
 Wi' spreckled breast !
When upward-springing, blythe to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane
Adorns the histic stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betrayed
 And guileless trust ;
Till she like thee all soiled is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred !
Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage and gales blow hard
 And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink ;
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
 He ruined sink !

E'en thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate
 That fate is thine—no distant date;
 Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom!

To a Mountain Daisy

Is there a man whose judgment clear?
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs himself life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave,
 Here pause—and thro' the starting tear
 Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow
 And softer flame;
 But thoughtless follies laid him low
 And stained his name!

Reader, attend! whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
 In low pursuit:
 Know, prudent, cautious self-control
 Is wisdom's root.

A Bard's Epitaph sts 3-5

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And auld lang syne!

Chorus. For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
 And surely I'll be mine!
 And we'll take a cup of kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes
 And pou'd the gowans fine;

But we've wandered monie a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere !
And gie's a hand o' thine !
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

Auld Lang Syne

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither ;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither ;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my Jo

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
A-chasing the wild-deer and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

My heart's in the Highlands

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

Epistle to Dr. Blacklock

But pleasures are like poppies spread :
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
 Or like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts forever.

Tam O'Shanter

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care !
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn !
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luve
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree !
 And my fause luver staw my rose,
 But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

The Banks o' Doon

But to see her was to love her :
 Love but her and love forever.
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted—
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Ae Fond Kiss

Ye banks and braes and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie !
 There summer first unfauld her robes
 And there the langest tarry ;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom !

The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder ;
But O ! fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly !
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that loved me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Highland Mary

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory !

Now's the day and now's the hour :
See the front o' battle lower ;
See approach proud Edward's power :
Chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?—
Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa'—
Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Let us do or die !

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled

O my luv's like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June ;
 O my luv's like the melodie
 That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luv am I ;
 And I will luv thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
 I will luv thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luv ;
 And fare thee weel a while !
 And I will come again, my luv,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

A Red, Red Rose

Is there for honest poverty
 That hings his head an' a' that ?
 The coward slave, we pass him by—
 We dare be poor for a' that !
 For a' that an' a' that,
 Our toils obscure an' a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey an' a' that ?
 Gie fools their silks an' knaves their wine—
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that an' a' that,
 Their tinsel show an' a' that,
 The honest man though e'er sae poor
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts and stares an' a' that ?
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a cuif for a' that.
 For a' that an' a' that,
 His riband, star an' a' that,
 The man o' independent mind,
 He looks an' laughs at a' that.'

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke an' a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might—
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that !
 For a' that an' a' that,
 Their dignities and a' that,
 The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
 Shall bear the gree an' a' that.
 For a' that an' a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man the world o'er
 Shall brithers be for a' that.

Is there for honest poverty

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH 1770-1850

If thou be one whose heart the holy forms
 Of young imagination have kept pure,
 Stranger ! henceforth be warned ; and know that pride
 Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
 Is littleness ; that he who feels contempt
 For any living thing, hath faculties
 Which he has never used ; that thought with him
 Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
 Is ever on himself, doth look on one,
 The least of nature's works, one who might move
 The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
 Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, thou !
 Instructed that true knowledge leads to love,
 True dignity abides with him alone
 Who in the silent hour of inward thought

Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

Yew-tree Seat

A simple child
That lightly draws its breath
And feels its life in every limb,
What can it know of death?

We are Seven

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

Lines written in Early Spring

Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

Expostulation and Reply

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

The Tables Turned

These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild.

Tintern Abbey

These beauteous forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
 But oft in lonely rooms and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood and felt along the heart,
 And passing even into my purer mind
 With tranquil restoration ; feelings too
 Of unremembered pleasure, such perhaps
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime : that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world
 Is lightened : that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on,
 Until the breath of this corporeal frame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body and become a living soul !
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

ll 23-50

The fretful stir
 Unprofitable and the fever of the world.

ll 53-4

The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
 The mountain and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite, a feeling and a love.

ll 77-81

For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power

To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear—both what they half create
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

ll 89-112

Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy : for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee ; and in after years
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure ; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies, oh ! then,
If solitude or fear or pain or grief
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations !

ll 123-147

The common growth of mother-earth
Suffices me : her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

Peter Bell Prologue st 27

Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky
And little lot of stars.

Part I st 8

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

st 12

The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart : he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky.

st 15

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me !

She dwelt among the untrodden ways

I travelled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea ;
Nor, England ! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

I travelled among unknown men

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, ' A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;
This child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

'Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse ; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

'She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

'The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

'The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

'And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell'.

Thus Nature spake. The work was done :
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been
And never more will be.

Three years she grew in sun and shower

A slumber did my spirit seal ;
I had no human fears :
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;
She neither hears nor sees ;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks and stones and trees.

A slumber did my spirit steal

One of those heavenly days that cannot die.

Nutting

He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

A Poet's Epitaph

And you must love him ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

Ibid

The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

Ibid

Yet sometimes when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up—
He felt with spirit so profound.

Matthew

The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

Lucy Gray

He had been alone
Among the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him and left him on the heights.

Michael

Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled ;
His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold ;
And that inspiring hill which did divide
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,
Shines with poetic radiance as of old ;
While not an English mountain we behold
By the celestial muses glorified.

Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in crowds :
 What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,
 Mount Skiddaw ? In his natural sovereignty
 Our British hill is fairer far ; he shrouds
 His double-fronted head in higher clouds,
 And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly.

Petion and Ossa flourish side by side

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky :
 So was it when my life began ;
 So is it now I am a man ;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die !
 The child is father of the man ;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

My heart leaps up when I behold

All things that love the sun are out of doors ;
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;
 The grass is bright with rain-drops ; on the moors
 The hare is running races in her mirth
 And with her feet she from the plashy earth
 Raises a mist, that glittering in the sun
 Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

Resolution and Independence (The Lecch-Gatherer)

But how can he expect that others should
 Build for him, sow for him and at his call
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all.

st 7

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
 The sleepless soul that perished in his pride ;
 Of him who walked in glory and in joy
 Following his plough, along the mountain-side :
 By our own spirits are we deified.

st 8

Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
 That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
 And moveth all together, if it move at all.

st 11

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty.
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
 Open unto the fields and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep,
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

Composed upon Westminster Bridge

Fair star of evening, splendour of the west,
 Star of my country !—on the horizon's brink
 Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
 On England's bosom ; yet well pleased to rest
 Meanwhile and be to her a glorious crest,
 Conspicuous to the nations.

By the Sea-side near Calais August 1802

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free :
 The holy time is quiet as a nun
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
 The gentleness of heaven is on the sea.
 Listen ! the mighty being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder everlastingly.
 Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought,
 Thy nature therefore is not less divine :
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
 And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

On the Beach near Calais

Men are we and must grieve when even the shade
 Of that which once was great is passed away.

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men !
 Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now

Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den—
 O miserable Chieftain! where and when
 Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
 Powers that will work for thee: air, earth, and skies;
 There's not a breathing of the common wind
 That will forget thee; thou hast great allies:
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

To Toussaint L'Ouverture

Inland within a hollow vale I stood,
 And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
 The coast of France, the coast of France how near!
 Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.
 I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood
 Was like a lake, or river bright and fair.
 A span of waters: yet what power is there!
 What mightiness for evil and for good!
 Even so doth God protect us if we be
 Virtuous and wise. Winds blow and waters roll
 Strength to the brave, and power and deity;
 Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
 Spake laws to them and said that by the soul
 Only, the nations shall be great and free.

September 1802 near Dover

O friend! I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, oppressed
 To think that now our life is only dressed
 For show: mean handiwork of craftsman, cook
 Or groom! We must run glittering like a brook
 In the open sunshine or we are unblest;
 The wealthiest man among us is the best;
 No grandeur now, in nature or in book,
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry and these we adore.
 Plain living and high thinking are no more.
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

Written in London September 1802

Milton ! thou should'st be living at this hour :
 England hath need of thee ; she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters ; altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness : we are selfish men.
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart ;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ;
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

London 1802

No master spirit, no determined road,
 But equally a want of books and men !

Great men have been among us

It is not to be thought of that the flood
 Of British freedom, which to the open sea
 Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood',
 Roused though it be full often to a mood
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
 That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish and to evil and to good
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible knights of old ;
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held. In every thing we are sprung
 Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

It is not to be thought of that the flood

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
 Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
 When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
 The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
 I had, my Country !—am I to be blamed ?
 But when I think of thee, and what thou art,
 Verily in the bottom of my heart
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
 For dearly must we prize thee : we who find

In thee a bulwark for the cause of men,
 And I by my affection was beguiled.
 What wonder if a poet now and then
 Among the many movements of his mind
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child !

When I have borne in memory what has tamed

How verse may build a princely throne
 On humble truth.

At the Grave of Burns

Deep in the general heart of man
 His power survives.

Thoughts suggested on the Banks of the Nith

But why to him confine the prayer,
 When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
 On the frail heart the purest share
 With all that live ?
 The best of what we do and are,
 Just God, forgive !

Ibid

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
 Twice seven consenting years have shed
 Their utmost bounty on thy head.
 And these grey rocks ; that household lawn ;
 Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
 This fall of water that doth make
 A murmur near the silent lake ;
 This little bay ; a quiet road
 That holds in shelter thy abode—
 In truth together do ye seem
 Like something fashioned in a dream :
 Such forms as from their covert peep
 When earthly cares are laid asleep !
 But, O fair creature ! in the light
 Of common day, so heavenly bright,
 I bless thee, vision as thou art,
 I bless thee with a human heart ;
 God shield thee to thy latest years !
 Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers ;
 And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away,
For never saw I mien or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here, scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress
And maidenly shamefacedness ;
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer,
A face with gladness overspread !
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred !
And seemliness complete that sways
Thy courtesies about thee plays ;
With no restraint but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech ;
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I not unmoved in mind
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee, who art so beautiful ?
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;
Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality.
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea, and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see !
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father, anything to thee !

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.

In spots like these it is we prize
 Our memory, feel that she hath eyes ;
 Then why should I be loth to stir ?
 I feel this place was made for her,
 To give new pleasure like the past,
 Continued long as life shall last.
 Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
 Sweet Highland girl ! from thee to part ;
 For I, methinks, till I grow old,
 As fair before me shall behold
 As I do now, the cabin small,
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall,
 And thee, the spirit of them all !

To a Highland Girl

And stepping westward seemed to be
 A kind of heavenly destiny.

Stepping Westward

And while my eye
 Was fixed upon the glowing sky,
 The echo of the voice enwrought
 A human sweetness with the thought
 Of travelling through the world that lay
 Before me in my endless way.

Ibid

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland lass !
 Reaping and singing by herself ;
 Stop here or gently pass !
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain
 And sings a melancholy strain ;
 O listen ! for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt
 Among Arabian sands.
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things
 And battles long ago :
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day :
 Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
 That has been and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending ;
 I saw her singing at her work
 And o'er the sickle bending ;
 I listened, motionless and still,
 And as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was heard no more.

Solitary Reaper

The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
 Float double, swan and shadow !

Yarrow Unvisited

O for a single hour of that Dundee
 Who on that day the word of onset gave !

In the Pass of Killicranky

She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight :
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament ;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
 Like twilight's too her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view
 A spirit, yet a woman too !
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine :
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller betwixt life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength and skill ;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort and command,
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.

She was a phantom of delight

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils ;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of the bay ;
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ;
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company ;
 I gazed and gazed, but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills
 And dances with the daffodils.

Daffodils

My apprehensions come in crowds :
 I dread the rustle of the grass ;
 The very shadows of the clouds
 Have power to shake me as they pass.

Affliction of Margaret st 10

I have no other earthly friend.

st 11

Stern daughter of the voice of God !

Ode to Duty st 1

Who do thy work and know it not.

st 2

Stern lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace,
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face ;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads.
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and
strong.

st 6

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live.

st 7

I with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is done.
To a Sky-lark Up with me, up with me, into the clouds !

The gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land ;
The consecration, and the poet's dream.
Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle

But an old age serene and bright
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

To a Young Lady

Matins and vespers of harmonious verse.

Prelude Book I l 45

How Wallace fought for Scotland ; left the name
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild-flower,
All over his dear country.

ll 214-6

Giving me
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That nature breathes among the hills and groves.

ll 278-81

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe !
Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought,
That givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain
By day or starlight thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul ;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature, purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear, until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

ll 401-14

Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone.

Book III ll 61-3

Yea, our blind poet, who in his later day
Stood almost single, uttering odious truth—
Darkness before and danger's voice behind—
Soul awful, if the earth has ever lodged
An awful soul—I seemed to see him here
Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth—
A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks
Angelical, keen eye, courageous look
And conscious step of purity and pride.

ll 283-92

In that glorious time
When learning, like a stranger come from far,
Sounding through Christian lands her trumpet, roused
Peasant and king.

ll 461-4

Some lovely image in the song rose up
Full-formed, like Venus rising from the sea.

Book IV ll 113-4

Magnificent

The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld. In front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance ; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tintured, drenched in empyrean light ;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapours and the melody of birds,
And labourers going forth to till the fields.
Ah ! need I say, dear friend, that to the brim
My heart was full ; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me ; bond unknown to me
Was given that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

ll 334-49

There was a boy : ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander ! many a time
At evening when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,
And there with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him ; and they would shout
Across the watery vale and shout again,
Responsive to his call, with quivering peals
And long halloos and screams and echoes loud,
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
Of jocund din ; and, when a lengthened pause
Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents ; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind,
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

Book V ll 364-88

But Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,
 France standing on the top of golden hours
 And human nature seeming born again.

Book VI ll 339-41

Whether we be young or old,
 Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
 Is with infinitude and only there ;
 With hope it is, hope that can never die,
 Effort and expectation and desire
 And something evermore about to be.

ll 603-8

Downwards we hurried fast,
 And with the half-shaped road which we had missed,
 Entered a narrow chasm. The brook and road
 Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy strait,
 And with them did we journey several hours
 At a slow pace. The immeasurable height
 Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
 The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
 And in the narrow rent at every turn
 Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
 The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
 The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
 Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
 As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
 And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
 The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
 Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light,
 Were all like workings of one mind, the features
 Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree :
 Characters of the great Apocalypse,
 The types and symbols of eternity,
 Of first, and last, and midst and without end.

ll 619-40

Not rich one moment to be poor for ever.

l 735

It is not wholly so to him who looks
 In steadiness, who hath among least things
 An under-sense of greatest ; sees the parts
 As parts, but with a feeling of the whole.

Book VII ll 733-6

O balmy time,
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow
Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven.

Book IX ll 554-6

Then was the truth received into my heart,
That under heaviest sorrow earth can bring,
If from the affliction somewhere do not grow
Honour which could not else have been, a faith,
An elevation and a sanctity,
If new strength be not given nor old restored,
The blame is ours, not nature's.

Book X ll 470-6

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven! O times,
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!

Book XI ll 108-12

But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us—the place where, in the end,
We find our happiness or not at all!

ll 142-4

There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble living and the noble dead.

ll 393-5

Ye motions of delight, that haunt the sides
Of the green hills; ye breezes and soft airs,
Whose subtle intercourse with breathing flowers,
Feelingly watched, might teach man's haughty race
How without injury to take, to give
Without offence; ye who, as if to show
The wondrous influence of power gently used,
Bend the complying heads of lordly pines,
And with a touch shift the stupendous clouds
Through the whole compass of the sky; ye brooks,
Muttering along the stones, a busy noise
By day, a quiet sound in silent night;
Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal forth
In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore,
Not mute, and then retire, fearing no storm;

And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is
 To interpose the covert of your shades,
 Even as a sleep, between the heart of man
 And outward troubles, between man himself,
 Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart—
 O that I had a music and a voice
 Harmonious as your own, that I might tell
 What ye have done for me !

Book XII 9-31

Here, calling up to mind what then I saw,
 A youthful traveller, and see daily now
 In the familiar circuit of my home,
 Here might I pause, and bend in reverence
 To nature and the power of human minds,
 To men as they are men within themselves.
 How oft high service is performed within,
 When all the external man is rude in show,
 Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,
 But a mere mountain-chapel that protects
 Its simple worshippers from sun and shower.

Book XIII ll 221-31

Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,
 The thought, the image and the silent joy.

ll 271-2

Thus might we wear a midnight hour away,
 Ascending at loose distance each from each,
 And I, as chanced, the foremost of the band,
 When at my feet the ground appeared to brighten
 And with a step or two seemed brighter still ;
 Nor was time given to ask or learn the cause,
 For instantly a light upon the turf
 Fell like a flash and lo ! as I looked up,
 The moon hung naked in a firmament
 Of azure without cloud, and at my feet
 Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.
 A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved
 All over this still ocean, and beyond,
 Far, far beyond, the solid vapours stretched,
 In headlands, tongues and promontory shapes,
 Into the main Atlantic that appeared
 To dwindle and give up his majesty,
 Usurped upon far as the sight could reach.
 Not so the ethereal vault : encroachment none

Was there, nor loss ; only the inferior stars
 Had disappeared or shed a fainter light
 In the clear presence of the full-orbed moon,
 Who from her sovereign elevation gazed
 Upon the billowy ocean as it lay
 All meek and silent, save that through a rift—
 Not distant from the shore whereon we stood,
 A fixed, abysmal, gloomy, breathing-place—
 Mounted the roar of waters, torrents, streams
 Innumerable, roaring with one voice !
 Heard over earth and sea and in that hour,
 For so it seemed, felt by the starry heavens.

Book XIV ll 32-62

There I beheld the emblem of the mind
 That feeds upon infinity, that broods
 Over the dark abyss.

ll 70-2

By love subsists
 All lasting grandeur, by pervading love ;
 That gone, we are as dust.

ll 168-70

She came, no more a phantom to adorn
 A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
 And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined
 To penetrate the lofty and the low ;
 Even as one essence of pervading light
 Shines in the brightest of ten thousand stars
 And the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp
 Couched in the dewy grass.

ll 268-75

Oh ! yet a few short years of useful life,
 And all will be complete, thy race be run,
 Thy monument of glory will be raised ;
 Then, though—too weak to tread the ways of truth—
 This age fall back to old idolatry,
 Though men return to servitude as fast
 As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame
 By nations sink together, we shall still
 Find solace—knowing what we have learnt to know,
 Rich in true happiness if allowed to be
 Faithful alike in forwarding a day

Of firmer trust, joint labourers in the work—
 Should Providence such grace to us vouchsafe—
 Of their deliverance, surely yet to come.
 Prophets of nature, we to them will speak
 A lasting inspiration, sanctified
 By reason, blest by faith. What we have loved,
 Others will love and we will teach them how :
 Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
 A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
 On which he dwells, above this frame of things—
 Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
 And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged—
 In beauty exalted, as it is itself
 Of quality and fabric more divine.

Il 430-54

Who is the Happy Warrior ? who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be ?
 It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought ;
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright ;
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
 Abides by this resolve and stops not there
 But makes his moral being his prime care ;
 Who, doomed to go in company with pain
 And fear and bloodshed, miserable train !
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
 In face of these doth exercise a power
 Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence and their good receives ;
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ;
 Is placable—because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice ;
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
 As tempted more ; more able to endure
 As more exposed to suffering and distress ;
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
 'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
 Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,

And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows ;
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honourable terms or else retire
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth or honours or for worldly state ;
Whom they must follow : on whose head must fall
Like showers of manna, if they come at all ;
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover, and attired
With sudden brightness like a man inspired ;
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need ;
He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes—
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart, and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve :
More brave for this, that he hath much to love ;
'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity,
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish 'or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won ;
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed ;

Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must go to dust without his fame,
 And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
 And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :
 This is the Happy Warrior : this is he
 Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

Character of the Happy Warrior

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room,
 And hermits are contented with their cells,
 And students with their pensive citadels ;
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
 Sit blithe and happy ; bees that soar for bloom
 High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells :
 In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is ; and hence to me,
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
 Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground ;
 Pleased if some souls, (for such there needs must be),
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
 Should find short solace there, as I have found.

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room

Wings have we, and as far as we can go
 We may find pleasure. Wilderness and wood,
 Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
 Which, with the lofty, sanctifies the low ;
 Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books, we know,
 Are a substantial world, both pure and good :
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
 There do I find a never-failing store
 Of personal themes, and such as I love best ;
 Matter wherein right voluble I am.
 Two will I mention, dearer than the rest :
 The gentle lady married to the Moor,
 And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb.

Personal Talk

Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—

The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !
 O might my name be numbered among theirs,
 Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

Ibid

The world is too much with us : late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
 Little we see in nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours
 And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers ;
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune :
 It moves us not. Great God ! I'd rather be
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn :
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

The world is too much with us

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
 One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water and pure sky—
 I've thought of all by turns, and still I lie
 Sleepless.

To Sleep

Come, blessed barrier betwixt day and day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health.

Ibid

I

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
 The earth and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparelled in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore :
 Turn wheresoe'er I may
 By night or day
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more !

II

The rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the rose,
 The moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair ;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know where'er I go
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief ;
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief
 And I again am strong.
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep—
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay :
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday.
 Thou child of joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd
 boy !

IV

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal :
 The fulness of your bliss I feel, I feel it all.
 O evil day ! if I were sullen
 While earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May morning,
 And the children are culling
 On every side
 In a thousand valleys far and wide
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,

And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 But there's a tree, of many, one,
 A single field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat.
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting
 And cometh from afar ;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy.
 The youth who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the man perceives it die away
 And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And even with something of a mother's mind
 And no unworthy aim
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size !

See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly learned art :

A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song.
 Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part ;
 Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,
 That life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity ;
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind—

Mighty prophet ! seer blest !

On whom those truths do rest
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave—
 Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by ;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

IX

O joy ! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction ; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest :
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise ;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Falling from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised ;

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,

To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavour,

Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence, in a season of calm weather,

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither ;

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then, sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !

And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound !
 We, in thought, will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind,
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been, must ever be ;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering ;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves,
 Think not of any severing of our loves !
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
 I only have relinquished one delight,
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day

Is lovely yet ;
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
 Another race hath been and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Intimations of Immortality

Two voices are there : one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains—each a mighty voice ;
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft ;
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left.
 For, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be
 That mountain floods should thunder as before
 And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful voice be heard by thee !

Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland

A few strong instincts and a few plain rules.

Alas ! what boots the long laborious quest

The music and the bloom
 And all the mighty ravishment of spring.

To Lady Beaumont

He knew the rocks which angels haunt
 Upon the mountains visitant.

Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle

Bear me to the heart of France,
 Is the longing of the shield.

Ibid

Happy day, and happy hour,
 When our Shepherd, in his power,
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
 To his ancestors restored,¹
 Like a reappearing star,
 Like a glory from afar,
 First shall lead the flock of war !

Ibid

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;
 His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
 The silence that is in the starry sky,
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Ibid

On man, on nature and on human life.

Excursion Preface l 1

Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love and hope,
 And melancholy fear subdued by faith ;
 Of blessed consolations in distress ;
 Of moral strength and intellectual power ;
 Of joy in widest commonalty spread ;
 Of the individual mind that keeps her own

Inviolatè retirement, subject there
 To conscience only, and the law supreme
 Of that intelligence which governs all—
 I sing. 'Fit audience let me find though few!'

14-23

O many are the poets that are sown
 By nature! men endowed with highest gifts,
 The vision and the faculty divine,
 Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.

Book I ll 77-80

The clouds were touched
 And in their silent faces could he read
 Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
 Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
 The spectacle: sensation, soul and form,
 All melted into him: they swallowed up
 His animal being; in them did he live
 And by them did he live: they were his life.
 In such access of mind, in such high hour
 Of visitation from the living God,
 Thought was not—in enjoyment it expired.
 No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request.
 Rapt into still communion that transcends
 The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
 That made him; it was blessedness and love!

ll 203-18

Wisdom, which works through patience.

l 239

That mighty orb of song,
 The divine Milton.

ll 249-50

He was o'erpowered
 By nature; by the turbulence subdued
 Of his own mind; by mystery and hope,
 And the first virgin passion of a soul
 Communing with the glorious universe.

ll 282-6

The good die first,
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
 Burn to the socket.

ll 500-2

An abyss
In which the everlasting stars abide.

Book III ll 187-8

Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.

ll 231-2

The life where hope and memory are as one.

l 400

What good is given to men
More solid than the gilded clouds of heaven ?
What joy more lasting than a vernal flower ?

ll 437-9

Society became my glittering bride
And airy hopes my children.

ll 735-6

And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.

Book IV ll 138-9

Who thinks, and feels
And recognizes ever and anon
The breeze of nature stirring in his soul,
Why need such man go desperately astray,
And nurse 'the dreadful appetite of death' ?

ll 598-602

We live by admiration, hope and love ;
And even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend.

ll 763-5

Life, I repeat, is energy of love
Divine or human.

ll 1012-3

And spires whose 'silent finger points to heaven'.

Book VI l 19

Whose least distinguished day
Shines with some portion of that heavenly lustre
Which makes the sabbath lovely in the sight
Of blessed angels, pitying human cares.

ll 48-51

And wisdom 'married to immortal verse'.

Book VII l 539

The food of hope
Is meditated action ; robbed of this
Her sole support, she languishes and dies.
We perish also ; for we live by hope
And by desire ; we see by the glad light
And breathe the sweet air of futurity.

Book IX ll 20-5

The mighty stream of tendency
Uttering, for elevation of our thought
A clear sonorous voice, inaudible
To the vast multitude ; whose doom it is
To run the giddy round of vain delight,
Or fret and labour on the plain below.

ll 87-92

The primal duties shine aloft like stars ;
The charities that soothe and heal and bless
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.

ll 238-40

Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

Laodamia st 12

Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion : for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult of the soul.

st 13

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure.

st 17

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty : more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air
And fields invested with purpureal gleams.

st 18

Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend,
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end ;

For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled.

st 25

Him only pleasure leads and peace attends,
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.

Dion st 6

High is our calling, friend! Creative art,
Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet in their weakest part
Heroically fashioned, to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
And oh! when nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness.
Great is the glory for the strife is hard!

To B. R. Haydon

But thy most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent,
Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter—
Yea, carnage is thy daughter!

Imagination, ne'er before content

I thought of thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away: vain sympathies!
For backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was and is and will abide:
Still glides the stream and shall for ever glide:
The form remains, the function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty and the wise,
We men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish; be it so!
Enough if something from our hands have power
To live and act and serve the future hour;
And if as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

River Duddon After-thought

Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

Ecclesiastical Sonnets Walton's Book of Lives

Truth fails not ; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more ; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

Ibid Mutability

Give all thou canst : high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more ;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die ;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

Ibid Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistening ;
Or mountain rivers where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.

Memory

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things.

Elegiac Stanzas addressed to Sir George Beaumont

Ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the sky.

To a Skylark

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam :
True to the kindred points of Heaven and home.

Ibid

Scorn not the sonnet ! Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours : with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;

Camöens soothed with it an exile's grief ;
 The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
 His visionary brow ; a glow-worm lamp,
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from faery-land
 To struggle through dark ways ; and when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

Scorn not the sonnet

In my mind's eye a temple like a cloud
 Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,
 Rose out of darkness : the bright work stood still ;
 And might of its own beauty have been proud,
 But it was fashioned and to God was vowed
 By virtues that diffused, in every part,
 Spirit divine through forms of human art ;
 Faith had her arch—her arch, when winds blow loud,
 Into the consciousness of safety thrilled ;
 And love her towers of dread foundation laid
 Under the grave of things ; hope had her spire
 Star-high, and pointing still to something higher.
 Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice—it said,
 'Hell-gates are powerless phantoms when we build'.

In my mind's eye a temple

The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes

Small service is true service while it lasts.
 Of humblest friends, bright creature ! scorn not one ;
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

To a Child

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
 From sign to sign, its stedfast course,
 Since every mortal power of Coleridge
 Was frozen at its marvellous source :

The rapt one, of the godlike forehead,
 The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth ;
 And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
 Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits
 Or waves that own no curbing hand,

How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land !

Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg

Wansfell ! this household has a favoured lot,
Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
To watch while morn first crowns thee with her rays,
Or when along thy breast serenely float
Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note
Hath sounded (shame upon the bard !) thy praise
For all that thou, as if from Heaven, hast brought
Of glory lavished on our quiet days.
Bountiful son of earth ! when we are gone
From every object dear to mortal sight,
As soon we shall be, may these words attest
How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone
Thy visionary majesties of light,
How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found rest.

Wansfell ! this household has a favoured lot

Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge.

Preface to the Lyrical Ballads 1800

We have no thought . . . but as far as we have love and
admiration.

Letter to Lady Beaumont May 21 1807

This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of
a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without
love of human nature and reverence for God.

Ibid

Of genius the only proof is, the act of doing well what is worthy
to be done, and what was never done before.

Supplementary to the Preface 1815

WALTER SCOTT 1771-1832

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven ;
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die :
It is the secret sympathy.

Lay of the Last Minstrel canto V st 13

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !

canto VI st 1

Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I.

Lady of the Lake canto V st 10

The stern joys which warriors feel
 In foemen worthy of their steel.

Ibid

Where lives the man that has not tried
 How mirth can into folly glide
 And folly into sin !

Bridal of Triermain canto I

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
 To all the sensual world proclaim,
 One crowded hour of glorious life
 Is worth an age without a name.

Old Mortality chap XXXIV

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE 1772-1834

Till every land from pole to pole
 Shall boast one independent soul !

Destruction of the Bastile

The stilly murmur of the distant sea
 Tells us of silence.

Æolian Harp

Methinks it should have been impossible
 Not to love all things in a world so filled.

Ibid

And tranquil muse upon tranquillity.

Ibid

And what if all of animated nature
 Be but organic harps diversely framed,
 That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
 Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
 At once the soul of each and God of all ?

Ibid

Ah ! quiet dell ! dear cot, and mount sublime !
 I was constrained to quit you. Was it right,
 While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
 That I should dream away the entrusted hours
 On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
 With feelings all too delicate for use ?

Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement

'Tis the sublime of man,
 Our noontide majesty, to know ourselves
 Parts and proportions of one wonderous whole !
 This fraternizes man, this constitutes
 Our charities and bearings.

Religious Musings

In the primeval age, a dateless while,
 The vacant shepherd wandered with his flock,
 Pitching his tent where'er the green grass waved.

Ibid

Believe thou, O my soul,
 Life is a vision shadowy of Truth ;
 And vice and anguish and the wormy grave,
 Shapes of a dream !

Ibid

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
 O Albion ! O my mother isle !
 Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
 Glitter green with sunny showers ;
 Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
 Echo to the bleat of flocks,
 (Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
 Proudly ramparted with rocks) ;
 And Ocean mid his uproar wild
 Speaks safety to his island-child !
 Hence for many a fearless age
 Has social Quiet loved thy shore ;
 Nor ever proud invader's rage
 Or sacked thy towers or stained thy fields with gore.

Ode on the Departing Year

He who counts alone
 The beatings of the solitary heart.

To the Rev. George Coleridge

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced ;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail,
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean.
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,

To such a deep delight 'twould win me
 That with music loud and long
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware! beware!
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
 Weave a circle round him thrice
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Kubla Khan

It is an Ancient Mariner,
 And he stoppeth one of three.
 'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?'

Rime of the Ancient Mariner Part I st 1

He holds him with his glittering eye—
 The wedding-guest stood still,
 And listens like a three years' child:
 The Mariner hath his will.

st 3

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,
 Out of the sea came he!
 And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea.

sts 6-7

The bride hath paced into the hall,
 Red as a rose is she;
 Nodding their heads before her goes
 The merry minstrelsy.

st 9

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow followed free;
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea.

Part II st 5

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion :
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with leg ;
Upon the slimy sea.

sts 7-10

The sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark.

Part III st 13

The souls did from their bodies fly,
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !

st 17

And thou art long and lank and brown
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

Part IV st 1

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie :
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

sts 3-4

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward ; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their ap-

pointed rest and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

Marginal Gloss

O sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

Part V st 1

The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro and in and out
The wan stars danced between.

st 6

Yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

st 18

O wedding-guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !

To walk together to the kirk
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest :
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small,
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone ; and now the wedding-guest
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned
 And is of sense forlorn.
 A sadder and a wiser man
 He rose the morrow morn.

Part VII sts 19-25

And the spring comes slowly up this way.

Christabel Part I l 22

There is not wind enough to twirl
 The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
 That dances as often as dance it can,
 Hanging so light and hanging so high
 On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

ll 48-52

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth,
 And constancy lives in realms above,
 And life is thorny and youth is vain ;
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced as I divine
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother :
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder :
 A dreary sea now flows between.
 But neither heat nor frost nor thunder
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.

Part II ll 79-95

How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
 To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
 Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
 Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
 All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
 All adoration of the God in nature,
 All lovely and all honourable things,
 Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
 The joy and greatness of its future being ?
 There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
 Unborrowed from my country ! O divine
 And beauteous island ! thou hast been my sole
 And most magnificent temple, in the which
 I walk with awe and sing my stately songs,
 Loving the God that made me !

Fears in Solitude

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Love

And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
 That give away their motion to the stars ;
 Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen ;
 Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue—
 I see them all so excellently fair,
 I see, not feel, how beautiful they are !

My genial spirits fail ;
 And what can these avail
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast ?
 It were a vain endeavour,
 Though I should gaze for ever
 On that green light that lingers in the west :
 I may not hope from outward forms to win
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

O lady ! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does nature live :
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !
 And would we aught behold of higher worth
 Than that inanimate cold world, allowed
 To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the earth,
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element!
 O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
 What this strong music in the soul may be!
 What, and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
 This beautiful and beauty-making power—
 Joy, virtuous lady! joy that ne'er was given,
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
 Life and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
 Joy, lady! is the spirit and the power
 Which wedding nature to us gives in dower
 A new earth and new heaven,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
 Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud:
 We in ourselves rejoice!
 And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colours a suffusion from that light.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
 This joy within me dallied with distress,
 And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
 Whence fancy made me dreams of happiness.
 For hope grew round me like the twining vine,
 And fruits and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
 But now afflictions bow me down to earth;
 Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,
 But oh! each visitation
 Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
 My shaping spirit of imagination.
 For not to think of what I needs must feel,
 But to be still and patient, all I can,
 And haply by abstruse research to steal
 From my own nature all the natural man—
 This was my sole resource, my only plan,
 Till that which suits a part infects the whole
 And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

Dejection

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star?

Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni

An orphic song indeed,
 A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
 To their own music chanted! O great bard!
 Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,
 With stedfast eye I viewed thee in the choir
 Of ever-enduring men. The truly great
 Have all one age, and from one visible space
 Shed influence.

To a Gentleman (William Wordsworth)

Eve following eve,
 Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of home
 Is sweetest! moments for their own sake hailed
 And more desired, more precious, for thy song.
 In silence listening like a devout child,
 My soul lay passive, by thy various strain
 Driven as in surges now beneath the stars,
 With momentary stars of my own birth,
 Fair constellated foam, still darting off
 Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea,
 Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the moon.

And when, O friend! my comforter and guide!
 Strong in thyself and powerful to give strength!
 Thy long sustained song finally closed
 And thy deep voice had ceased, yet thou thyself
 Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
 That happy vision of beloved faces—
 Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close
 I sate, my being blended in one thought,
 Thought was it or aspiration or resolve?
 Absorbed, yet hanging still upon the sound—
 And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.

Ibid

The hollow puppets of an hollow age,
 Ever idolatrous and changing ever
 Its worthless idols!

A Tombless Epitaph

Yea, oft alone,
 Piercing the long-neglected holy cave,
 The haunt obscure of old philosophy,
 He bade with lifted torch its starry walls

Sparkle, as erst they sparkled to the flame
Of odorous lamps tended by saint and sage.

Ibid

On the wide level of a mountain's head,
(I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place,)
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
Two lovely children run an endless race,
A sister and a brother !
This far outstripped the other ;
Yet ever runs she with reverted face
And looks and listens for the boy behind,
For he, alas, is blind !
O'er rough and smooth with even step he passed,
And knows not whether he be first or last.

Time, Real and Imaginary

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve !
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old :
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismissed,
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while
And tells the jest without the smile.

Youth and Age

I do not wish you to act from those truths : no, still and always
act from your feelings ; only meditate often on these truths
that sometime or other they may become your feelings.

Anima Poetae September 15 1801

He who cannot wait for his reward has, in reality, not earned it.

June 8 1803

Lady Beaumont told me that when she was a child, previously
to saying her prayers, she endeavoured to think of a mountain
or great river, or something great, in order to raise up her soul
and kindle it.

February 13 1804

To perform duties absolutely from the sense of duty is the ideal which perhaps no human being can ever arrive at, but which every human being ought to try to draw near unto.

April 17 1805

If a man could pass through Paradise in a dream, and could have a flower presented to him as a pledge that his soul had really been there, and if he found that flower in his hand when he awoke—ay ! and what then ?

January 25 1817

Every great and original writer . . . must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished.

Wordsworth's Letter to Lady Beaumont May 21 1807

Our myriad-minded Shakespeare.

Biographia Literaria chap XV

He that loves may be sure that he was loved first.

Aids to Reflection Moral and Religious Aphorisms V

Every man is born an Aristotelian or a Platonist.

Table Talk July 2 1830

Sublimity is Hebrew by birth.

July 25 1832

The principle of the Gothic architecture is infinity made imaginable.

June 29 1833

Plato, that plank from the wreck of Paradise, cast on the shore of idolatrous Greece.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR 1775-1864

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife ;

Nature I loved, and next to nature, art.

I warmed both hands against the fire of life :

It sinks and I am ready to depart.

Dying Speech of an Old Philosopher

In poetry there is but one supreme,
Though there are many angels round his throne,
Mighty and beauteous; but his face is hid.

THOMAS CAMPBELL 1777-1844

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Pleasures of Hope Part I ll 7-8

LEIGH HUNT 1784-1859

Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.

About Ben Adhem

Patience and gentleness are power.

W. F. P. NAPIER 1785-1860

Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet
caught some beams of glory, but the British soldier conquered
under the cold shade of aristocracy.

War in the Peninsular Book XI chap III

A French officer, in the act of striking at the gallant Felton
Harvey, of the fourteenth dragoons, perceived that he had only
one arm, and with a rapid movement brought down his sword
into a salute and passed on.

Book XIV chap VIII

But Ridge fell and no man died that night with more glory—yet
many died and there was much glory.

Book XVI chap V

I saw him (Wellington) late in the evening of that great day,
when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry stretching
as far as the eye could command showed in the darkness how
well the field was won. He was alone, the flush of victory was on
his brow and his eyes were eager and watchful but his voice
was calm and even gentle. More than the rival of Marlborough,
since he defeated greater generals than Marlborough ever en-
countered, with a prescient pride he seemed only to accept his
glory as an earnest of greater things.

Book XVIII chap IV

To say that he committed faults is only to say that he made war.
Book XXIV chap VI

LORD BYRON 1788-1824

I live not in myself, but I become
 Portion of that around me ; and to me
 High mountains are a feeling.

Childe Harold canto III st 12

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not man the less, but nature more.

canto IV st 17

She walks in beauty like the night,
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes,
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

She walks in beauty like the night

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY 1792-1822

He has outsoared the shadow of our night :
 Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight
 Can touch him not and torture not again.

Adonais st 40

Life like a dome of many-coloured glass
 Stains the white radiance of eternity.

st 52

Other flowering isles must be
 In the sea of life and agony ;
 Other spirits float and flee
 O'er that gulf ; even now, perhaps,
 On some rock the wild wave wraps,
 With folded wings they waiting sit
 For my bark, to pilot it
 To some calm and blooming cove,

Where for me and those I love
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills,
Which the wild sea-murmur fills
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine
We may live so happy there
That the spirits of the air,
Envyng us, may even entice
To our healing paradise
The polluting multitude.
But their rage would be subdued
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds, whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves
Under which the bright sea heaves ;
While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical
The inspired soul supplies
With its own deep melodies,
And the love which heals all strife
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood.
They, not it, would change ; and soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the earth grow young again.

Lines written among the Euganean Hills

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
I sift the snow on the mountains below

And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea.
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains.
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings—
And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above—
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape with a bridge-like shape
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow.
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores:
I change but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph;
And out of the caverns of rain
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

The Cloud

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not ;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower ;

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view ;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields or waves or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be ;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee ;
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after
And pine for what is not ;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world would listen then as I am listening now.

To a Skylark

Music, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory;
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken;

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
 Are heaped for the beloved's bed—
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on.

Music, when soft voices die

The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow.

One word is too often profaned

JOHN KEATS 1795-1821

How many bards gild the lapses of time!

How many bards gild the lapses of time

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

On first looking into Chapman's Homer

To one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven, to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
 Who is more happy, when with heart's content
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love and languishment?
 Returning home at evening, with an ear
 Catching the notes of Philomel, an eye
 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
 He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
 E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently.

To one who has been long in city pent

Great spirits now on earth are sojourning:
 He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
 Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,
 Catches his freshness from archangel's wing;
 He of the rose, the violet, the spring,
 The social smile, the chain for Freedom's sake;
 And lo! whose steadfastness would never take
 A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering.
 And other spirits there are standing apart
 Upon the forehead of the age to come:
 These, these will give the world another heart
 And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
 Of mighty workings?
 Listen awhile ye nations and be dumb.

Great spirits now on earth are sojourning

The poetry of earth is never dead.

On the Grasshopper and Cricket

Good Kosciusko, thy great name alone
 Is a full harvest whence to reap high feeling.

To Kosciusko

Happy is England ! I could be content
 To see no other verdure than its own ;
 To feel no other breezes than are blown
 Through its tall woods with high romances blent.
 Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
 For skies Italian, and an inward groan
 To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
 And half forget what world or worldling meant.
 Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters ;
 Enough their simple loveliness for me,
 Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging.
 Yet do I often warmly burn to see
 Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing
 And float with them about the summer waters.

Happy is England ! I could be content

And each imagined pinnacle and steep
 Of godlike hardship tells me I must die,
 Like a sick eagle looking at the sky.

On seeing the Elgin Marbles

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing.

Endymion Book I ll 1-5

Heroes, not yet dead
 But in old marbles ever beautiful.

ll 318-9

Then anew
 He sinks adown a solitary glen,
 Where there was never sound of mortal men,
 Saving perhaps some snow-light cadences
 Melting to silence, when upon the breeze
 Some holy bark let forth an anthem sweet,
 To cheer itself to Delphi.

Book II ll 76-82

He ne'er is crowned
 With immortality, who fears to follow
 Where airy voices lead.

ll 211-3

To Sorrow
 I bade good-morrow,
 And thought to leave her far away behind ;
 But cheerly, cheerly,
 She loves me dearly ;
 She is so constant to me and so kind.
 I would deceive her
 And so leave her,
 But ah ! she is so constant and so kind.

Book IV ll 174-82

St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was !
 The owl for all his feathers was a-cold ;
 The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold.
 Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told
 His rosary and while his frosted breath,
 Like pious incense from a censer old,
 Seemed taking flight for Heaven, without a death,
 Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

Eve of St. Agnes st 1

His prayer, he saith, this patient, holy man.

st 2

The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide.

st 4

Upon the honied middle of the night.

st 6

The music yearning like a god in pain.

st 7

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose.

st 16

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing.

st 18

As though a rose should shut and be a bud again.

st 27

And lucent syrops tinct with cinnamon ;
 Manna and dates in argosy transferred
 From Fez, and spiced dainties, every one
 From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

st 30

He played an ancient ditty long since mute.

st 33

In all the house was heard no human sound,
A chained-drooped lamp was flickering by each door ;
The arras, rich with horsemen, hawk and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar,
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

st 40

And they are gone ; ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.

st 42

My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past and Lethe-wards had sunk.
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green and shadows numberless
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth !
That I might drink and leave the world unseen
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin and dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Ode to the Nightingale sts 1-3

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down.
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth when sick for home
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that oftentimes hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

st 7

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self.

st 8

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rime :
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?
 What men or gods are these ? what maidens loth ?
 What mad pursuit ? what struggle to escape ?
 What pipes and timbrels ? what wild ecstasy ?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter : therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,
 Not to the sensual ear, but more endear'd
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song nor ever can those trees be bare ;
 Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss
 Though winning near the goal, yet do not grieve :
 She cannot fade though thou hast not thy bliss—
 For ever wilt thou love and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu ;
 And happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new ;
 More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
 For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 For ever panting and for ever young ;
 All breathing human passion far above
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
 What little town by river or sea shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn ?
 And little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be, and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! fair attitude ! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed :
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity. Cold pastoral !
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
 Ye know on earth and all ye need to know'.

Ode on a Grecian Urn

Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky.

Ode to Psyche st 3

Yes, I will be thy priest and build a fane
 In some untrodden region of my mind,
 Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
 Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind.
 Far, far around shall those dark-clustered trees
 Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep ;
 And there by zephyrs, streams and birds and bees
 The moss-lain Dryads shall be lulled to sleep ;
 And in the midst of this wide quietness
 A rosy sanctuary will I dress
 With the wreathed trellis of a working brain,
 With buds and bells and stars without a name,
 With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
 Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same ;
 And there shall be for thee all soft delight
 That shadowy thought can win,
 A bright torch and a casement ope at night
 To let the warm Love in !

Ever let the fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

Fancy

Bards of passion and of mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Have ye souls in Heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new ?

Bards of passion and of mirth

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?

Lines on the Mermaid Tavern

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run ;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring, ay, where are they ?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue—
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Ode to Autumn

That large utterance of the early gods.

Hyperion Book I l 50

As when upon a tranced summer night,
 Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks, branched-charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.

ll 72-5

To whom the miseries of the world
 Are miseries and will not let them rest.

Fall of Hyperion canto I ll 148-9

The fierce dispute
 Betwixt damnation and impassioned clay.

On sitting down to read King Lear once again

When I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain ;
 Before high-piled books in charact'ry
 Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain ;
 When I behold upon the night's starred face
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance ;
 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour !
 That I shall never look upon thee more,
 Never have relish in the faery power
 Of unreflecting love ! then on the shore
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
 Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

When I have fears that I may cease to be

Bards who died content on pleasant sward
 Leaving great verse unto a little clan.

Ode to Maia

Rich in the simple worship of a day.

Ibid

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy tree,
 Thy branches ne'er remember
 Their green felicity.

In a drear-nighted December

To know the change and feel it,
 When there is none to heal it,
 Nor numbed sense to steal it,
 Was never said in rime.

Ibid

Save me from curious conscience, that still lords
 Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;
 Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards
 And seal the hushed casket of my soul.

To Sleep

That second circle of sad hell,
 Where in the gust, the whirlwind, and the flaw
 Of rain and hail-stones, lovers need not tell
 Their sorrows. Pale were the sweet lips I saw,
 Pale were the lips I kissed, and fair the form
 I floated with, about that melancholy storm.

On a Dream after reading Dante's Episode of Paolo and Francesca

Bright star! would I were stedfast as thou art—
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
 And watching with eternal lids apart
 Like nature's patient sleepless eremite
 The moving waters at their priestlike task
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
 Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
 No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,
 Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
 And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

Bright star! would I were stedfast as thou art

RALPH WALDO EMERSON 1803-1882

The hand that rounded Peter's dome
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,

Wrought in a sad sincerity :
 Himself from God he could not free.
 He builded better than he knew :
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Problem

Olympian bards who sung
 Divine ideas below,
 Which always find us young
 And always keep us so.

Ode to Beauty

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

Concord Hymn

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
 So near is God to man,
 When duty whispers low 'Thou must',
 The youth replies 'I can!'

Voluntaries III

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion ; it is
 easy in solitude to live after our own ; but the great man is
 he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness
 the independence of solitude.

Essays First Series Self-Reliance

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.

Ibid

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring
 you peace but the triumph of principles.

Ibid

All mankind love a lover.

Ibid Love

O friend, never strike sail to a fear ! Come into port greatly
 or sail with God the seas.

Ibid Heroism

Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet.

Ibid Circles

Divine persons are character born, or to borrow a phrase from Napoleon they are victory organized.

Ibid Second Series Character

Hitch your wagon to a star.

Society and Solitude Civilization

THOMAS CARLYLE 1803-1855

Hence, too, the folly of that impossible precept : Know thyself ; till it be translated into this partially possible one : Know what thou canst work at.

Sartor Resartus The Everlasting No

Thus had the Everlasting No (das Ewige Nein) pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my being, of my Me ; and then was it that my whole Me stood up, in native, God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its protest. . . . The Everlasting No has said : Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the universe is mine (the devil's) ; to which my whole Me now made answer : I am not thine, but free, and for ever hate thee !

Ibid

The fraction of life can be increased in value, not so much by increasing your numerator as by lessening your denominator. Nay, unless my algebra deceive me, unity itself divided by zero will give infinity. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then thou hast the world under thy feet.

Ibid The Everlasting Yea

Love not pleasure ; love God. This is the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved ; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.

Ibid

Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action. On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service. Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty ! Thy second duty will have already become clearer.

Ibid

I, too, could now say to myself : Be no longer a chaos, but a world, or even worldkin. Produce ! produce ! were it but the pitifullest, infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God's name ! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee, out with it then. Up, up ! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might.

Ibid

The man is the spirit he worked in : not what he did but what he became.

Ibid Pause

As the Swiss inscription says : Sprechen ist silbern, schweigen ist golden (speech is silvern, silence is golden) ; or, as I might rather express it : Speech is of time, silence is of eternity.

Ibid Symbols

Be not a public orator, thou brave young British man, thou that art now growing to be something, not a stump orator if thou canst help it. Appeal not to the vulgar, with its seats in the Cabinet ; not by spoken words to the vulgar ; hate the profane vulgar and bid it be gone. Appeal by silent work, by silent suffering if there be no work, to the gods, who have nobler than seats in the Cabinet for thee ! Talent for literature, thou hast such a talent ? Believe it not, be slow to believe it ! To speak or to write, nature did not peremptorily order thee, but to work she did. And know this : there never was a talent for real literature, not to speak of talents lost and damned in doing sham literature, but was primarily a talent for doing something infinitely better of the silent kind. Of literature, in all ways, be shy rather than otherwise, at present ! There where thou art, work, work ; whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with the hand of a man, not of a phantasm ; be that thy unnoticed blessing and exceeding great reward.

Latter-Day Pamphlets Stump Orator Heroes

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose ; he has found it and will follow it !

Past and Present Labour

All true work is sacred ; in all true work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the earth, has its summit in Heaven.

Ibid Reward

Thou wilt never sell thy life, or any part of thy life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart ; let the price

be nothing ; thou hast then, in a certain sense, got all for it !

Ibid

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.

Ibid Permanence

Chaos is dark, deep as hell ; let light be, and there is instead a green flowery world. O it is great ! and there is no other greatness : to make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God ; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed ! It is work for a God.

Ibid The Didactic

I confess I have no notion of a truly great man that could not be all sorts of men.

Heroes and Hero Worship Lecture III

Genius, which means the transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all.

Frederick the Great Book IV chap III

William Shakespeare, the beautifullest soul in all England.

Historical Sketches chap II

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW 1807-1882

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.

Psalm of Life

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;
And the song from beginning to end
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Arrow and Song

In the elder days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part :
For the gods see everywhere.

Builders

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Ladder of St. Augustine

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING 1809-1862

Keats' soul, the man who never stepped
In gradual progress like another man,
But, turning grandly on his central self,
Ensphered himself in twenty perfect years
And died, not young.

Aurora Leigh Book I ll 980-4

ALFRED TENNYSON 1809-1892

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
And through the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot.

Lady of Shalott

Half-sick of shadows.

Ibid

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power, (power of herself
Would come uncalled for), but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear ;
And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

Ænone ll 141-7

To push thee forward through a life of shocks,
Dangers and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinewed with action, and the full-grown will,
Circled through all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom.

ll 159-63

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere

Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

You ask me, why, though ill at ease

The falsehood of extremes.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till time shall close,
That principles are rained in blood.

Love thou thy land

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears.

Lotos Eaters

And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
And the long glories of the wintry moon.

Morte d'Arthur ll 191-2

When every morning brought a noble chance
And every chance brought out a noble knight.

ll 230-1

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure !

ll 240-5

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Il 248-56

I am a part of all that I have met ;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use !
As though to breathe were life.

Ulysses

And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

Ibid

There lies the port : the vessel puffs her sail :
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled and wrought and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;
Death closes all : but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die !
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down ;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles
And see the great Achilles whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides ; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are :
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.

Ibid

The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts.

Tithonus

Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Hion like a mist rose into towers.

Ibid

Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with
might ;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out
of sight.

Locksley Hall

This is the truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Ibid

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honour feels.

Ibid

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the
suns.

Ibid

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers and the world is more and more.

Ibid

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of
change.

Ibid

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger
day :

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Ibid

And on her lover's arm she leant
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.

Day-Dream Departure

And o'er them many a sliding star
And many a merry wind was borne,
And streamed through many a golden bar
The twilight melted into morn.

Ibid

And o'er the hills and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
 Beyond the night, across the day,
 Through all the world she followed him.

Ibid

For we are ancients of the earth
 And in the morning of the times.

Day-Dream L'Envoi

He was not all unhappy : his resolve
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
 Prayer from a living source within the will
 And beating up through all the bitter world
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul.

Enoch Arden

For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

The Brook

And musing on the little lives of men
 And how they mar this little by their feuds.

Sea Dreams

Jewels five-words long
 That on the stretched forefinger of all time
 Sparkle for ever.

Princess Part II ll 355-7

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea !
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon and blow,
 Blow him again to me :
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west

Under the silver moon.

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Part III ll 1-16

The splendour falls on castle walls

And snowy summits old in story ;

The long light shakes across the lakes

And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,

And thinner, clearer, farther going !

O sweet and far from cliff and scar

The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :

Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,

They faint on hill or field or river :

Our echoes roll from soul to soul

And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Part IV ll 1-18

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,

Tears from the depth of some divine despair

Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,

In looking on the happy autumn-fields

And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail

That brings our friends up from the underworld,

Sad as the last which reddens over one

That sinks with all we love below the verge :

So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns

The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds

To dying ears, when unto dying eyes

The casement slowly grows a glimmering square :

So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death

And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned

On lips that are for others ; deep as love,

Deep as first love and wild with all regret :

O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

ll 39-58

The moan of doves in immemorial elms
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Part VII ll 206-7

I

Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for
And the feet of those he fought for
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is dead:
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew

O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great world-victor's victor will be seen no more.

V

All is over and done :
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be tolled.
Render thanks to the Giver
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be tolled
And a reverent people behold
The towering ear, the sable steeds :
Bright let it be with his blazoned deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be tolled
And a deeper knell in the heart be knolled ;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem rolled
Through the dome of the golden cross ;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom ;
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame :
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-tempered frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

VI

Who is he that cometh, like an honoured guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?
Mighty seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea :
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now to the roll of muffled drums
To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea :
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
O give him welcome, this is he,
Worthy of our gorgeous rites
And worthy to be laid by thee ;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun ;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clashed with his fiery few and won ;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his laboured rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew ;
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Followed up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing wings
And barking for the thrones of kings ;
Till one that sought but duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ;

A day of onsets of despair !
Dashed on every rocky square
Their surging charges foamed themselves away ;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
Through the long-tormented air
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there
What long-enduring hearts could do,
In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo !
Mighty seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
And through the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

VII

A people's voice ! we are a people yet,
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
Thank Him who isled us here and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;
O statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
For saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,

And drill the raw world for the march of mind
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts ;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever ; and whatever tempests lower
For ever silent ; even if they broke
In thunder, silent : yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the man who spoke :
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power ;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Through either babbling world of high and low ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
Who never spoke against a foe ;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right.
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Followed by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour showered all her stars
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory .
He, that ever following her commands

On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty sealed
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun.
Such was he : his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure ;
Till in all lands and through all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory ;
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
(At civic revel and pomp and game
And when the long-illumined cities flame)
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see :
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung :
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain !
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere.
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane :
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true

There must be other nobler work to do
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,
 And victor he must ever be.
 For though the Giant Ages heave the hill
 And break the shore, and evermore
 Make and break and work their will;
 Though world on world in myriad myriads roll
 Round us, each with different powers
 And other forms of life than ours,
 What know we greater than the soul?
 On God and godlike men we build our trust.
 Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
 The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
 He is gone who seemed so great—
 Gone; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in state,
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 Speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him.
 God accept him, Christ receive him.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington

Though niggard throats of Manchester may bawl,
 What England was, shall her true sons forget?
 We are not cotton-spinners all,
 But some love England and her honour yet.
 And these in our Thermopylae shall stand
 And hold against the world this honour of the land.

Third of February

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
 Was there a man dismayed?
 Not though the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered.
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Charge of the Light Brigade

When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made!
 Honour the Light Brigade!
 Noble six hundred!

Ibid

Till each man find his own in all men's good
 And all men work in noble brotherhood.

Ode sung at the Opening of the International Exhibition

How gain in life, as life advances,
 Valour and charity more and more.

To the Rev. F. D. Maurice

O well for him whose will is strong!
 He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
 He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
 For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
 Nor all calamity's hugest waves confound,
 Who seems a promontory of rock,
 That, compassed round with turbulent sound,
 In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
 Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
 Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended will
 And ever weaker grows through acted crime,
 Or seeming-genial venial fault
 Recurring and suggesting still!
 He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
 Toiling in immeasurable sand;
 And o'er a weary, sultry land,
 Far beneath a blazing vault,
 Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
 The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

Will

O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,
 O skilled to sing of Time or Eternity,
 God-gifted organ-voice of England,
 Milton, a name to resound for ages,
 Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
 Starred from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,
 Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
 Rings to the roar of an angel onset!

Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
 The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring
 And bloom profuse and cedar arches
 Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
 Where some refulgent sunset of India
 Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle
 And crimson-hued the stately palmwoods
 Whisper in odorous heights of even.

Milton

So Hector said and sea-like roared his host.
 Then loosed their sweating horses from the yoke
 And each beside his chariot bound his own ;
 And oxen from the city and goodly sheep
 In haste they drove, and honey-hearted wine
 And bread from out the houses brought, and heaped
 Their firewood and the winds from off the plain
 Rolled the rich vapour far into the heaven.
 And these all night upon the bridge of war
 Sat glorying ; many a fire before them blazed :
 As when in heaven the stars about the moon
 Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
 And every height comes out, and jutting peak
 And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
 Break open to their highest, and all the stars
 Shine and the shepherd gladdens in his heart :
 So many a fire between the ships and stream
 Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
 A thousand on the plain, and close by each
 Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire ;
 And champing golden grain, the horses stood
 Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn.

Specimen of a Translation of the Iliad in Blank Verse

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
 Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
 Thou madest life in man and brute ;
 Thou madest Death : and lo. thy foot
 Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
 Thou madest man, he knows not why ;

He thinks he was not made to die ;
And Thou hast made him : Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou ;
Our wills are ours, we know not how :
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight :
We mock Thee when we do not fear ;
But help thy foolish ones to bear :
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me ;
What seemed my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man
And not from man, O Lord, to Thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth :
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

In Memoriam Prologue

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
 And find in loss a gain to match ?
 Or reach a hand through time to catch
 The far-off interest of tears ?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drowned,
 Let darkness keep her raven gloss :
 Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
 To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
 The long result of love, and boast
 ' Behold the man that loved and lost
 But all he was is overworn'.

canto I sts 1-4

I sometimes hold it half a sin
 To put in words the grief I feel :
 For words, like nature, half reveal
 And half conceal the soul within.

But for the unquiet heart and brain,
 A use in measured language lies—
 The sad mechanic exercise,
 Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

canto V sts 1-2

Never morning wore
 To evening but some heart did break.

canto VI st 2

O mother, praying God will save
 Thy sailor, while thy head is bowed
 His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
 Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

st 4

To her, perpetual maidenhood,
 And unto me no second friend.

st 10

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
 Till all my widowed race be run ;
 Dear as the mother to the son,
 More than my brothers are to me.

canto IX st 5

The human-hearted man I loved.

canto XIII st 3

A looming bastion fringed with fire.

canto XV st 5

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,
My blessing like a line of light
Is on the waters day and night
And like a beacon guards thee home.

canto XVII st 3

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more ;
They laid him by the pleasant shore
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills :
The salt sea-water passes by
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

canto XIX sts 1-2

A time to sicken and to swoon,
When science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon ?

canto XXI st 5

I do but sing because I must
And pipe but as the linnets sing.

st 6

And all the secret of the spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood.

canto XXIII st 5

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it, when I sorrow most :
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

canto XXVII st 4

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.

canto XXXII st 1

Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form.

canto XXXIII st 1

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds.

canto XXXVI st 3

A lord of large experience.

canto XLII st 2

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears and skim away.

canto XLVIII st 4

Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps and the nerves prick
And tingle and the heart is sick
And all the wheels of being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is racked with pangs that conquer trust ;
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life a Fury, slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing,
And weave their petty cells and die.

canto L sts 1-3

Hold thou the good : define it well ;
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.

canto LIII st 4

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold we know not anything ;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last—far off, at last—to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I ?
 An infant crying in the night :
 An infant crying for the light
 And with no language but a cry.

canto LIV sts 1-5

So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life.

canto LV st 2

Upon the great world's altar-stairs
 That slope through darkness up to God.

st 4

The song of woe
 Is after all an earthly song.

canto LVII st 1

Dost thou look back on what hath been ?
 As some divinely gifted man,
 Whose life in low estate began
 And on a simple village green ;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar
 And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
 And breasts the blows of circumstance
 And grapples with his evil star ;

Who makes by force his merit known
 And lives to clutch the golden keys,
 To mould a mighty state's decrees
 And shape the whisper of the throne ;

And moving up from high to higher,
 Becomes on fortune's crowning slope
 The pillar of a people's hope,
 The centre of a world's desire ;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
 When all his active powers are still,
 A distant dearness in the hill,
 A secret sweetness in the stream.

canto LXIV sts 1-5

So many worlds, so much to do,
 So little done, such things to be,
 How know I what had need of thee?
 For thou wert strong as thou wert true.

canto LXXIII st 1

The mighty hopes that make us men.

canto LXXXV st 15

Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
 But ever strove to make it true:

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out.
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
 He would not make his judgment blind,
 He faced the spectres of the mind
 And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
 And Power was with him in the night,
 Which makes the darkness and the light
 And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
 As over Sinai's peaks of old,
 While Israel made their gods of gold,
 Although the trumpet blew so loud.

canto XCVI sts 2-6

Of that great race which is to be.

canto CIII st 9

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky.

canto CVI st 1

Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

st 7

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

st 8

And thus he bore without abuse
 The grand old name of gentleman,
 Defamed by every charlatan
 And soiled with all ignoble use.

canto CXI st 6

For she is earthly of the mind,
 But wisdom heavenly of the soul.

canto CXIV st 6

Arise and fly
 The reeling faun, the sensual feast;
 Move upward, working out the beast,
 And let the ape and tiger die.

canto CXVIII st 7

To feel once more in placid awe
 The strong imagination roll
 A sphere of stars about my soul.

canto CXXII st 2

But in my spirit will I dwell
 And dream my dream and hold it true.

canto CXXIII st 3

A warmth within the breast would melt
 The freezing reason's colder part,
 And like a man in wrath the heart
 Stood up and answered 'I have felt'.

conclusion st 4

Wearing all that weight
 Of learning lightly like a flower.

st 10

And o'er the friths that branch and spread
 Their sleeping silver through the hills.

st 29

A soul shall draw from out the vast
 And strike his being into bounds.

st 31

No longer half-akin to brute,
 For all we thought and loved and did,
 And hoped and suffered, is but seed
 Of what in them is flower and fruit ;

Whereof the man that with me trod :
 This planet, was a noble type
 Appearing ere the times were ripe,
 That friend of mine who lives in God ;

That God, which ever lives and loves,
 One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off divine event,
 To which the whole creation moves.

sts 34-6

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
 Dead perfection.

Maud Part I ii st 1

O let the solid ground
 Not fail beneath my feet
 Before my life has found
 What some have found so sweet ;
 Then let come what come may,
 What matter if I go mad,
 I shall have had my day.

Let the sweet heavens endure,
 Not close and darken above me
 Before I am quite quite sure
 That there is one to love me ;
 Then let come what come may
 To a life that has been so sad,
 I shall have had my day.

xi sts 1-2

Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone ;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the roses blown.

xxii st 1

It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.

Part III vi st 5

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.

Idylls of the King Dedication

In that fierce light which beats upon a throne.

Ibid

It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

Ibid Merlin and Vivien ll 388-90

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Ibid Lancelot and Elaine ll 870-1

To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King.

Ibid Guinevere ll 464-5

For indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

ll 473-9

Ah, my God,
What might I not have made of thy fair world,
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another.

ll 648-655

To where beyond these voices there is peace.

l 693

EDGAR ALLAN POE 1811-1849

The glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

To Helen

WENDELL PHILLIPS 1811-1884

One on God's side is a majority.

Speech November 1 1859

ROBERT BROWNING 1812-1889

Sun-treader, life and light be thine for ever !
 Thou art gone from us ; years go by and spring
 Gladdens and the young earth is beautiful,
 Yet thy songs come not ; other bards arise,
 But none like thee : they stand, thy majesties,
 Like mighty works which tell some spirit there
 Hath sat regardless of neglect and scorn,
 Till, its long task completed, it hath risen
 And left us, never to return, and all
 Rush in to peer and praise when all in vain.
 The air seems bright with thy past presence yet,
 But thou art still for me as thou hast been
 When I have stood with thee as on a throne
 With all thy dim creations gathered round
 Like mountains, and I felt of mould like them,
 And with them creatures of my own were mixed,
 Like things half-lived, catching and giving life.
 But thou art still for me who have adored
 Though single, panting but to hear thy name
 Which I believed a spell to me alone,
 Scarce deeming thou wast as a star to men !

Pauline ll 151-71

That king
 Treading the purple calmly to his death,
 While round him, like the clouds of eve all-dusk,
 The giant shades of fate, silently flitting,
 Pile the dim outline of the coming doom ;
 And him sitting alone in blood while friends
 Are hunting far in the sunshine.

Ibid ll 568-74

Andromeda !
 And she is with me : years roll, I shall change,
 But change can touch her not—so beautiful
 With her fixed eyes, earnest and still, and hair
 Lifted and spread by the salt-sweeping breeze,
 And one red beam, all the storm leaves in heaven,

Resting upon her eyes and hair, such hair,
 As she awaits the snake on the wet beach
 By the dark rock and the white wave just breaking
 At her feet; quite naked and alone; a thing
 I doubt not, nor fear for, secure some god
 To save will come in thunder from the stars.

Ibid ll 657-68

Sun-treader, I believe in God and truth
 And love; and as one just escaped from death
 Would bind himself in bands of friends to feel
 He lives indeed, so I would lean on thee!
 Thou must be ever with me, most in gloom
 If such must come, but chiefly when I die,
 For I seem, dying, as one going in the dark
 To fight a giant. But live thou for ever
 And be to all what thou hast been to me!
 All in whom this wakes pleasant thoughts of me
 Know my last state is happy, free from doubt
 Or touch of fear. Love me and wish me well.

Ibid ll 1021-33

Let each task present
 Its petty good to thee. Waste not thy gifts
 In profitless waiting for the gods' descent,
 But have some idol of thine own to dress
 With their array. Know, not for knowing's sake,
 But to become a star to men for ever;
 Know, for the gain it gets, the praise it brings,
 The wonder it inspires, the love it breeds:
 Look one step onward and secure that step!

Paracelsus Part I ll 525-33

God is the perfect poet,
 Who in his person acts his own creations.

Part II ll 638-9

Then died, grown old. And just an hour before
 Having lain long with blank and soulless eyes,
 He sat up suddenly, and with natural voice
 Said that in spite of thick air and closed doors
 God told him it was June; and he knew well,
 Without such telling, harebells grew in June;
 And all that kings could ever give or take
 Would not be precious as those blooms to him.

Part III ll 118-25

Over the sea our galleys went
With cleaving prows in order brave,
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave,
A gallant armament :
Each bark built out of a forest-tree
Left leafy and rough as first it grew,
And nailed all over the gaping sides,
Within and without, with black bull-hides
Seethed in fat and suppled in flame
To bear the playful billows' game :
So each good ship was rude to see,
Rude and bare to the outward view,
But each upbore a stately tent
Where cedar pales in scented row
Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine,
And an awning drooped the mast below
In fold on fold of the purple fine,
That neither noontide nor starshine
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,
Might pierce the regal tenement.
When the sun dawned, O gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar ;
But when the night-wind blew like breath,
For joy of one day's voyage more
We sang together on the wide sea
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore ;
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,
Each helm made sure by the twilight star,
And in a sleep as calm as death
We, the voyagers from afar,
Lay stretched along, each weary crew
In a circle round its wondrous tent
Whence gleamed soft light and curled rich scent,
And with light and perfume, music too.
So the stars wheeled round, and the darkness past,
And at morn we started beside the mast
And still each ship was sailing fast.

Now, one morn, land appeared—a speck
Dim trembling, betwixt sea and sky ;
' Avoid it', cried our pilot, ' check
The shout, restrain the eager eye !'
But the heaving sea was black behind
For many a night and many a day,
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh ;
So we broke the cedar pales away,

Let the purple awning flap in the wind,
 And a statue bright was on every deck !
 We shouted, every man of us,
 And steered right into the harbour thus
 With pomp and pæan glorious.

Part IV ll 453-504

I want to be forgotten even by God.

Part V l 365

If I stoop
 Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
 It is but for a time : I press God's lamp
 Close to my breast ; its splendour, soon or late,
 Will pierce the gloom ; I shall emerge one day.

Ibid ll 899-903

All service ranks the same with God :
 If now, as formerly He trod
 Paradise, his presence fills
 Our earth, each only as God wills
 Can work : God's puppets, best and worst,
 Are we : there is no last nor first.

Say not ' a small event ! ' Why ' small ' ?
 Costs it more pain that this, ye call
 A ' great event ', should come to pass
 Than that ? Untwine me from the mass
 Of deeds which make up life, one deed
 Power shall fall short in or exceed !

Pippa Passes Act I

The year's at the spring
 And day's at the morn ;
 Morning's at seven,
 The hillside's dew-pearled,
 The lark's on the wing,
 The snail's on the thorn :
 God's in his Heaven—
 All's right with the world !

Act II

In the morning of the world
 When earth was nigher heaven than now.

Ibid

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat,
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote ;
 They with the gold to give doled him out silver,
 So much was theirs who so little allowed :
 How all our copper had gone for his service !
 Rags—were they purple, his heart had been prond !
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die !
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves !
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves !

We shall march prospering, not through his presence ;
 Songs may inspirit us, not from his lyre ;
 Deeds will be done, while he boasts his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
 Blot out his name then, record one lost soul more,
 One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
 One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God !
 Life's night begins : let him never come back to us !
 There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
 Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
 Never glad confident morning again !
 Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
 Menace our heart ere we master his own ;
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
 Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the throne !

Lost Leader

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea
 And the sun looked over the mountain's rim ;
 And straight was a path of gold for him
 And the need of a world of men for me.

Parting at Morning

Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles
 Miles and miles.

Love among the Ruins

O to be in England
 Now that April's there ;

And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

Home Thoughts from Abroad

That's the wise thrush : he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !

Ibid

Oh, our manhood's prime vigour ! No spirit feels waste,
 Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
 Oh, the wild joys of living ! the leaping from rock up to rock,
 The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver
 shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
 And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
 And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,
 And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of
 wine,

And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
 That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.
 How good is man's life, the mere living ! how fit to employ
 All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy !

Saul ix

All that I know
 Of a certain star
 Is, it can throw
 (Like the angled spar)
 Now a dart of red,
 Now a dart of blue ;
 Till my friends have said
 They would fain see, too,
 My star that dartles the red and the blue !
 Then it stops like a bird ; like a flower, hangs furled :
 They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
 What matter to me if their star is a world ?
 Mine has opened its soul to me : therefore I love it.

My Star

O the little more and how much it is !
 And the little less and what worlds away !

By the Fireside st 39

But what if I fail of my purpose here ?
 It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
 To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
 And baffled, get up and begin again—
 So the chase takes up one's life, that's all.
 While, look but once from your farthest bound
 At me so deep in the dust and dark,
 No sooner the old hope goes to ground
 Than a new one, straight to the selfsame mark,
 I shape me—
 Ever
 Removed !

Life in a Love

Infinite passion, and the pain
 Of finite hearts that yearn.

Two in the Campagna

O world, as God has made it ! All is beauty :
 And knowing this, is love and love is duty.

Guardian-Angel

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
 And did he stop and speak to you,
 And did you speak to him again ?
 How strange it seems and new !

Memorabilia

There's a woman like a dew-drop, she's so purer than the purest,
 And her noble heart's the noblest, yes, and her sure faith's the
 surest ;
 And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on depth of lustre
 Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier than the wild-grape
 cluster,
 Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-misted marble.
 Then her voice's music—call it the well's bubbling, the bird's
 warble !
 And this woman says, ' My days were sunless and my nights were
 moonless,
 Parched the pleasant April herbage, and the lark's heart's out-
 break tuneless,
 If you loved me not ! ' And I who, (ah, for words of flame !),
 adore her,
 Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate palpably before her—
 I may enter at her portal soon, as now her lattice takes me,
 And by noontide as by midnight make her mine, as hers she
 makes me !

Blot in the 'Scutcheon Act I sc 3 ll 81-92

It was roses, roses, all the way,
 With myrtle mixed in my path like mad :
 The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
 The church-spires flamed, such flags as they had,
 A year ago on this very day.

The Patriot

Hush ! if you saw some western cloud
 All billowy-bosomed, overbowed
 By many benedictions—sun's
 And moon's and evening-star's at once—
 And so, you, looking and loving best,
 Conscious grew, your passion drew
 Cloud, sunset, moonrise, starshine too,
 Down on you, near and yet more near,
 Till flesh must fade for heaven was here !—
 Thus leant she and lingered—joy and fear !
 Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Last Ride Together

Let a man contend to the uttermost
 For his life's set prize, be it what it will !

Statue and the Bust

I trust in nature for the stable laws
 Of beauty and utility : spring shall plant
 And autumn garner to the end of time.
 I trust in God : the right shall be the right
 And other than the wrong, while He endures.
 I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
 The outward and the inward, nature's good
 And God's.

Soul's Tragedy Act I ll 257-64

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
 Or what's a heaven for ?

Andrea Del Sarto

The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life :
 Try to be Shakespeare, leave the rest to fate !

Bishop Blougram's Apology ll 493-4

How soon the smile of God can change the world !

In a Balcony l 598

I count life just a stuff
 To try the soul's strength on.

Ibid ll 652-3

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist :
 Not its semblance but itself ; no beauty, nor good, nor power,
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
 When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
 The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
 The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
 Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;
 Enough that He heard it once : we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
 For the fulness of the days ? Have we withered or agonized ?
 Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue
 thence ?

Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized ?
 Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
 Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe :
 But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear ;
 The rest may reason and welcome : 'tis we musicians know.

Abt Vogler sts 10-11

Grow old along with me !
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was made.
 Our times are in his hand
 Who saith, ' A whole I planned,
 Youth shows but half ; trust God, see all, nor be ' afraid ! ' ::
Rabbi Ben Ezra st 1

Rejoice we are allied
 To that which doth provide
 And not partake, effect and not receive !
 A spark disturbs our clod ;
 Nearer we hold of God
 Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I must believe.

Then welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go !
 Be our joys three-parts pain !
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;
 Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge the throe !

For thence a paradox—
 Which comforts while it mocks—
 Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail ;
 What I aspired to be
 And was not, comforts me :
 A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.
sts 5-7

All I could never be,
 All men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God.

st 25

So, take and use thy work :
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim !
 My times be in thy hand !
 Perfect the cup as planned !
 Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same !

st 32

Fear death ? to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe ;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go :
 For the journey is done and the summit attained
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so one fight more,
 The best and the last !
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore
 And bade me creep past.
 No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again ;
 And with God be the rest !

Prospice

O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
 And all a wonder and a wild desire.

Ring and the Book Book I ll 1391-2

God plants us where we grow.

Ibid Pompilia l 301

O lover of my life, O soldier-saint,
No work begun shall ever pause for death !

ll 1786-7

So let him wait God's instant men call years ;
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,
Do out the duty ! Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of his light
For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise.

ll 1841-5

It is the seed of act,
God holds appraising in his hollow palm,
Not act grown great thence on the world below.

Ibid The Pope ll 272-4

So a thorn
Comes to the aid of and completes the rose.

ll 686-7

Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestalled in triumph ?

ll 1185-7

Into that sad obscure sequestered state
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul
He else made first in vain.

ll 2130-2

Suppose life had no death to fear, how find
A possibility of nobleness
In man, prevented daring any more ?

Ibid Guido ll 2379-81

It is the glory and good of Art,
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine at least.

Ibid Book and the Ring ll 842-4

Would we move the world, not earth but heaven must be our
fulcrum.

Pietro of Abano

Knowledge means
 Ever-renewed assurance by defeat
 That victory is somehow still to reach.

Pillar at Sebzevah

Try the clod ere test the star!
 Bring our inside strife to peace
 Ere we wage, on the outside, war!

Reverie

HENRY DAVID THOREAU 1817-1862

A man's life should be a stately march to a sweet but unheard music, and when to his fellows it shall seem irregular and in-harmonious, he will only be stepping to a livelier measure or his nicer ear hurry him into a thousand symphonies and concordant variations. There will be no halt ever, but at most a marching on his post, or such a pause as is richer than any sound, when the melody runs into such depth and wildness as to be no longer heard, but implicitly consented to with the whole life and being. He will take a false step never, even in the most arduous times, for the music will not fail to swell into greater sweetness and volume, and itself rule the movement it inspired.

Summer June 30 1840

It is not enough that our life is an easy one. We must live on the stretch, retiring to our rest like soldiers on the eve of battle, looking forward with ardour to the strenuous sortie of the morrow.

Miscellanies Qualities of the Recruit

That aim in life is the highest which requires the finest discipline.

Winter December 28 1852

Go not so far out of your way for a truer life, move strictly onward in that path alone which your genius points out, do the things which lie nearest to you but which are difficult to do, live a purer, a more thoughtful and laborious life, more true to your friends and your neighbours, more noble and magnanimous, and that will be better than a wild walk.

January 12 1852

It (the pine) is as immortal as I am, and will go to as high a heaven, there to tower above me still.

Autumn November 1 1853

The mere vision is little compared with the steady, corresponding endeavour thitherward.

November 24 1857

To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, nor even to found a school, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity and trust.

Walden chap I

I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken to concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.

Ibid

In the long run men hit only what they aim at. Therefore, though they should fail immediately, they had better aim at something high.

Ibid

The cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run.

Ibid

In short, I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain oneself on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if we live simply and wisely.

Ibid

A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone.

chap XI

I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavour.

Ibid

Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail.

Ibid

If one listens to the faintest but constant suggestions of his genius, which are certainly true, he sees not to what extremity, or even insanity, it may lead him ; and yet that way, as he grows more resolute and faithful, his road lies. The faintest assured objection which one healthy man feels will at length prevail over the arguments and customs of mankind. No man ever followed his genius till it misled him.

Ibid

I learned this, at least, by my experiment, that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavours to live the life he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary ; new, universal and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him ; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favour in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost ; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

chap XVIII

Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed and in such desperate enterprises ? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.

Ibid

Humility like darkness reveals the heavenly lights.

Ibid

Money is not required to buy one necessary of the soul.

Ibid

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH 1819-1861

Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the eternal shore ?

In a Lecture-room

It fortifies my soul to know
 That though I perish Truth is so :
 That howsoe'er I stray and range,
 Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change :
 I steadier step when I recall
 That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

It fortifies my soul to know

Ages of heroes fought and fell
 That Homer in the end might tell ;
 O'er grovelling generations past
 Upstood the Doric fane at last ;
 And countless hearts on countless years
 Had wasted thoughts, and hopes, and fears,
 Rude laughter and unmeaning tears,
 Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome
 The pure perfection of her dome.

Come, poet, come

Seek, seeker, in thyself ; submit to find
 In the stone bread and life in the blank mind.

Where are the great whom thou wouldst wish to praise thee

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
 The labour and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light,
 In front, the sun comes slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look, the land is bright.

Say not the struggle nought availeth

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL 1819-1891

Be noble ! and the nobleness that lies
 In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

For this true nobleness I seek in vain

Each hath his lonely peak, and on each heart
 Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears lifelong
 With vulture beak; yet the high soul is left;
 And faith, which is but hope grown wise; and love
 And patience, which at last shall overcome.

Prometheus

Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne.
Present Crises

Daily, with souls that cringe or plot,
 We Sinais climb and know it not.

Vision of Sir Launfal

'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

Ibid

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
 Himself, his hungry neighbour and me.

Ibid

New birth of our new soil, the first American.

Commemoration Ode

'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
 But the high faith that failed not by the way.

Ibid

WALT WHITMAN 1819-1892

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done!
 The ship has weathered every wrack, the prize we sought is won.
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
 But, O heart! heart! heart!
 Leave you not the little spot
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells!
 Rise up! for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills;
 For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores are
 crowding;
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.

O Captain ! dear father !
 This arm I push beneath you.
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead !

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still ;
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse or will.
 But the ship, the ship is anchored safe, its voyage closed and
 done :

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won !
 Exult, O shores ! and ring, O bells !
 But I with silent tread
 Walk the spot my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain my Captain

MATTHEW ARNOLD 1822-1888

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
 One lesson which in every wind is blown,
 One lesson of two duties kept at one
 Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity ;
 Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
 Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,
 Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
 Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
 Still do thy quiet ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting ;
 Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
 Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

Quiet Work

Who saw life steadily and saw it whole.

To a Friend

Others abide our question ; thou art free.
 We ask and ask ; thou smilest and art still,
 Outtopping knowledge.

Shakespeare

Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secure.

Ibid

Know, man hath all which nature hath, but more,
And in that more lies all his hopes for good.

In Harmony with Nature

Ah! not the nectarous poppy lovers use,
Not daily labour's dull Lethean spring,
Oblivion in lost angels can infuse
Of the soiled glory and the trailing wing;

To a Gipsy Child

But the majestic river floated on
Out of the mist and hum of that low land
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved
Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste
Under the solitary moon; he flowed
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,
Brimming and bright and large; then sands begin
To hem his watery march and dam his streams
And split his currents, that for many a league
The shorn and parcelled Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,
A foiled circuitous wanderer—till at last
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge and shine upon the Aral Sea.

Sohrab and Rustum

The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea.

To Marguerite

Think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well.

Progress

Resolve to be thyself, and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!

Self-Dependence

Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

The Future

Rapt, twirling in thy hand a withered spray,
And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.

Scholar-Gipsy

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade.

st 22

Physician of the iron age,
 Goethe has done his pilgrimage.
 He took the suffering human race,
 He read each wound, each weakness clear ;
 And struck his finger on the place,
 And said, 'Thou ailest here, and here !'

Memorial Verses : To Wordsworth

He found us when the age had bound
 Our souls in its benumbing round ;
 He spoke, and loosed our hearts in tears.
 He laid us as we lay at birth
 On the cool flowery lap of earth,
 Smiles broke from us and we had ease ;
 The hills were round us, and the breeze
 Went o'er the sun-lit fields again ;
 Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
 Our youth returned ; for there was shed
 On spirits that had long been dead,
 Spirits dried up and closely furled,
 The freshness of the early world.

Ibid

But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power ?
 Others will teach us how to dare
 And against fear our breast to steel :
 Others will strengthen us to bear—
 But who, ah ! who will make us feel ?
 The cloud of mortal destiny,
 Others will front it fearlessly ;
 But who, like him, will put it by ?

Ibid

Sweet reasonableness.

St. Paul and Protestantism Preface

Culture is to know the best that has been said and thought in
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Literature and Dogma Preface

Conduct is three-fourths of our life and its largest concern.
chap I

The enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness.
Ibid

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WORD INDEX

The *first* significant word of line or phrase is usually the catchword. In the following quotation, for example, it is the italicized words that have been indexed.

Then *feed* on thoughts that *voluntary* move
 Harmonious numbers, as the *wakeful* bird
 Sings darkling and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the *sweet* approach of even or morn,
 Or *sight* of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
 Or flocks or herds, or *human* face divine ;
 But *cloud* instead and everduring dark
 Surrounds me, from the *cheerful* ways of men
 Cut off, and for the *book* of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
 And *wisdom* at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, *celestial* Light,
Shine inward and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate ; there *plant* eyes, all *mist* from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things *invisible* to mortal sight.

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